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SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XLVI.

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VOL. CCLXIV.

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THE MOSS-ROSE.

Walking to-day in your garden, O gracious lady,
 Little you thought, as you turned in
 that alley remote and shady
 And gave me a rose, and asked if I
 knew its savor—
 The old-world scent of the moss-rose,
 flower of a bygone favor—

Little you thought, as you waited the
 word of appraisement,
 Laughing at first, and then amazed at
 my amazement,
 That the rose you gave was a gift al-
 ready cherished,
 And the garden whence you plucked it
 a garden long perished.

But I—I saw that garden, with its one
 treasure
 The tiny moss-rose, tiny even by child-
 hood's measure,
 And the long morning shadow of the
 rusty laurel,
 And a boy and a girl beneath it,
 flushed with a childish quarrel.

She wept for her one little bud; but he,
 outreaching
 The hand of brotherly right, would
 take it for all her beseeching:
 And she flung her arms about him,
 and gave like a sister,
 And laughed at her own tears, and
 wept again when he kissed her.

So the rose is mine long since, and
 whenever I find it
 And drink again the sharp sweet scent
 of the moss behind it,
 I remember the tears of a child, and
 her love and her laughter,
 And the morning shadows of youth,
 and the night that fell thereafter.

Henry Newbolt.

The Spectator.

BAUDELAIRE.

A Paris gutter of the good old times,
 Black and putrescent in its stagnant
 bed,
 Save where the shamle oozings
 fringe it red,
 Or scaffold trickles, or nocturnal
 crimes.

It holds dropped gold; dead flowers
 from tropic climes;
 Gems true and false, by midnight
 maskers shed;
 Old pots of rouge; old broken phials
 that spread
 Vague fumes of musk, with fumes from
 slums and slimes.
 And everywhere, as glows the set of
 day,
 There floats upon the winding fetid
 mire
 The gorgeous iridescence of decay;
 A wavy film of color, gold and fire,
 Trembles all through it as you pick
 your way,
 And streaks of purple that are straight
 from Tyre.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

COW-HERD'S SONG.

When the kine come in from the open
 hills,
 From the soft young grass, and the
 sweet wild thyme,
 From buttercup meadows and crystal-
 line rills,
 I pipe my lilt and I sing my rhyme—
*O there's many a tryst for man and maid
 As the kine come in to the barnyard
 shade.*

When the kine come in from the open
 lea,
 Where the fresh wind whistles his
 merry tune—
 Where the air is salt with the breath
 of the sea
 And thick with the white waves'
 echoing rune—
*O there's many a tryst for man and maid
 As the kine come in to the barnyard
 shade.*

When the kine are safe in the byre all
 day,
 And the lads spread hands o'er the
 embers' glow,
 When the old cloak's thin, and the sky
 looms gray,
 And we sit a-watching the falling
 snow—
*O there's many a tryst for man and maid
 When the kine are safe in the warm
 barn shade.*

Lady Lindsay.

The Thrush.

SOME RECENT VERSE.*

Egoism is the prevailing fault in literary criticism, which, whatever pretence of principle it sets in the foreground, does almost always begin and end in individual "taste." It acts in defiance of the Latin proverb when proceeding it tries to show that these matters of taste are arguable—are subject for debate. As it inevitably fails in this attempt, it leaves at last (like an old Bailey lawyer) the field of reason altogether and takes to abuse. This was, for example, Johnson's method. His taste was often excellent; at times it was extremely faulty; good or bad, when it was challenged he ended by calling his opponent names, on the principle, which he frankly avowed, that everyone talked for victory. There is, besides, another influence, an inevitable one, which nourishes the conceit of the critic. While we are enjoying good literature we all of us feel as if we had taken some part in the creation of it. In truth we have, so far as ourselves are concerned. Literature needs in a sense to be recreated in every fresh brain: seeing that what we have before us are ink-marks and nothing more. But this is not a kind of achievement which allows the critic to boast himself over the maker even of second-class literature. The first did not really assist at the creation of "Hamlet," though he finds it hard to realize this truth: so that he is not justified in assuming too patronizing an air towards the maker of "Festus." On the whole, the critic will be in a better

posture for acting the upright judge if he suppress in his mind the tendency to judge first of all from a standpoint of "taste." Literature—the best or the worst—is not a matter of taste "first of all." It is a natural product more or less inevitable. All genuine literature is that: and it is far more interesting to study the laws of its growth, after the manner of the botanist, than merely to hawk up and down specimens of good or bad grain, like the corn-chandler. There is such a thing as the Spirit of the Age. To go about complaining that we are not all Elizabethans is as profitable as to complain that war has become a less heroic business since "villainous saltpetre" was dug out of the bowels of the earth. The position the critic loves to take up is a good deal like that of Hotspur's trim lord:

But for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

But for the deplorable vulgarity of our age there is no saying what the critic himself might not have achieved.

The naturalist's part is more humble. He is not obliged to be concerned only with what is first-rate, condemning lesser products at a glance. These last are grown in the same soil as better works, only under atmospheric conditions which were not so favorable. Similar laws of growth will be traceable in them also. This of course assumes that the lesser product is genuine of its kind, not a cunning arrangement of plucked flowers and grasses. To dis-

* 1. "Adam Cast Forth." By Charles M. Doughty. 1 vol. London: Duckworth and Co. 1908.

2. "The Cliffs." By Charles M. Doughty. 1 vol. London: Duckworth and Co. 1909.

3. "New Poems." By Stephen Phillips. 1 vol. London: John Lane. 1908.

4. "Artemision: Idylls and Songs." By Maurice Hewlett. 1 vol. London: Elkin Mathews. 1909.

5. "New Poems." By Herbert Trench. 1 vol. London: Methuen and Co. 1907.

6. "The Pilgrim Jester." By Arthur E. J. Legge. 1 vol. London: John Lane. 1908.

7. "Clifton Chapel, and other Poems." By Henry Newbolt. 1 vol. London: John Murray. 1908.

8. "Drake." By Alfred Noyes. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 1908.

9. "Forty Singing Seamen, etc." By Alfred Noyes. 1 vol. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 1907.

tinguish the genuine from the spurious is the more difficult when we have to do with work which is not absolutely first-rate: and by so much the business of the critic, if he can furnish a criterion to distinguish true from false, is the more useful.

The condition for this more profitable—this “botanical,” or, as we have called it, “naturalist”—criticism is first of all that we enter in some degree into the mind of the author: only so can we detect the influence of his time at work. And we shall detect it if the author have any sincere inspiration. Nor shall we easily find a better field for such research and botanic study than in the great mass of verse, of poetry, which is being continually poured forth at this time. Judging by the highest standards one is compelled to call it minor poetry; but in no contemptuous sense. The attitude of the reviewer ought certainly to be sympathetic toward all this literature, which is at least free from the vulgar incitements to pinchbeck imitation and the wanton issue of inferior products which affect writing that has a commercial value. In this last field a man trying to separate gold from base metal has to begin by detecting mere fraudulent imitation—though he may not thus characterize it. With verse it is not so: the fraudulent product will at least be unconscious, showing possibly at bottom a deeper type of insincerity. But it will be much less abundant.

First, to look for the influences under which most of our poetry is at this moment created. It must be owned that the apparent influences are not very strong: the electric current seems to be a negative one. We have first the natural reaction of poetic minds from the sordid and mechanical side of contemporary life. It is that impulse to create merely “things of beauty” which Tennyson described symbolically and illustrated in his “Palace of Art,” and

which, though he there formally condemned it, was always a ruling motive with him. The “Palace of Art” is its own justifier and negatives its own condemnation. But one cannot deny that there was too much of this spirit of placid beauty-loving in Tennyson, and not enough of what Milton calls “the power to a passion.” Behind Tennyson in this matter stood Keats. From Keats to the greatest body and on the whole the best of modern poetry this is still the moulding force. Such phrases as “the influence of Keats,” “the influence of Tennyson” are half-erroneous. What a poet does chiefly is to call down influences which are in the air or in the time: as the Franklin kites collected electricity. He opens men’s minds to receive so much of the spirit of the age as he has received. It is more than anything the prosiness of modern life (and a certain negativeness, a “negation” in all modern thought) which makes the Keats-Tennyson worship of beauty an esoteric cult to-day. That it should be the strongest impulse to verse-writing is certainly an evil. Passion, which is the life-blood of poetry, can hardly be found in a city of dreams. It is on this account that the prevailing tendency has set up two counter-currents of verse which, at any rate in the belief of those who practise them, bring back reality and action into poesy. One method, by concentrating on one or two motives in modern life, more especially on the patriotic emotions, has tried to bring back life and passion. The other, essaying a wider sweep, has sought to accommodate itself to things as they are by foregoing what used to be reckoned the very characteristics of poetry, by forging a new rugged verse which does almost without rhyme or metre: which on principle for the “pulchra” of Horace’s line seems to pose obscurity, for the “dulcia” harshness. What it aims at is vigor and a certain pictur-

esqueness through being uncouth: and, strange to say, in many instances this aim it achieves. It is, moreover, a stream of poetry which has many founts and is very widely spread. We do not mention Browning in this connection; for Browning is a world in himself and contains examples of poetry of the most diverse kinds. But George Meredith certainly belongs to this "new verse" in the greatest part of his production. Abroad, writers so different as Walt Whitman and Mallarmé are in the tale. Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts," which was reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. 424), is so likewise. For, as we there said, it is difficult to describe his blank verse as poetry: the lines of really melodious verse in those three volumes may be reckoned without much arithmetic. Nevertheless all these poets we have cited succeed in a great part of what they aim at. This example shows how necessary it is that the critic should be mostly a "naturalist" studying what is, not binding himself by pre-established rules.

Of the poets upon our list there is only one who belongs to the category last mentioned. In the same number of this Review in which we noticed Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts," we spoke also of Mr. C. M. Doughty's important prose work, "Travels in Arabia Deserta," and had something to say of his very long poem "The Dawn of Britain." This was only eighteen months ago. But since then Mr. Doughty has produced two more volumes of verse, "Adam cast forth" (1906) and "The Cliffs," which has only just appeared. The latter of these may be classed in either of two among our three categories; for it is as much inspired by patriotic sentiment as any of the verse of Mr. Kipling and his followers. Otherwise the influence which has acted most potently on the author of "The Cliffs" evidently comes from "The Dynasts." We have one very curious evidence of this.

"The Cliffs" is a prophetic poem inspired by the fear of or the expectation of German invasion; it is pre-eminently modern in some details, introducing all sorts of warlike inventions which have not yet seen the light of common day. And yet in the great scene at the end, when the two invading fleets by sea and air have come to grief, we meet with this direction: "Enter an Ensign bearing his regimental Colors." Ensigns existed in the Peninsular war—that is to say, in the age of "The Dynasts." Is Mr. Doughty unaware that they have long disappeared from His Majesty's Army? A very good episode in "The Cliffs" is the conversation of the villagers—near "Claybourne Cliffs"—discussing the character and doings of a certain Harvest Kempe. But this, again, is very Hardyish. In point of versification, in view of what Mr. Doughty aims at by his versification, the soliloquy of Hobbe which opens the volume is as good as any:

Out of our trenches a third time we fought:

'Twas moonlight, when we stormed a Russian breach.

Tall Major Boyse, who led us, was in first;

I next. *England*, with shining blade aloft,

He cried, *for ever, lads; our lives for England!*

And on that fell; the blood ran from his breast.

'Twas I who caught our major in mine arms:

I bayonnetted him who shot him; swarmed out on us

Blue Russians in bright moonlight.

It cannot be denied, on the other hand, that there is in this poem a great deal of what can only be called childish: that it savors almost of the fancies of a schoolboy, full of imaginary new inventions and new explosives, inventions which have none of the verisimilitude of Mr. Wells'; and the sudden collapse of the enemy celebrated by

the singing of the patriotic hymn at the end passes the border line of the sublime.

"Adam cast forth" is a wild and difficult poem; the versification is in general more involved, less like metre than in the "Dawn" or "The Cliffs," more full of inversions and truncations; of such lines as

I in whirling sweltry Harasuh aye sore
thirsted

O 'neath heaven's high clear stars how
it is cold

Is not one day of heaven, of the Right
Hand

Of the Most High, like as the going
forth

Of hundred years on ground?

"Adam cast forth" is preceded by the following notice: "Adam and Hawwa, cast forth from the Paradise, fall down in several places of the Earth: whence they, after age-long wanderings, meet together again, upon a Mountain." When the poem opens, however, Adam seems already to have passed a certain time in a black, purgatorial region Harasuth, from which he emerges blind. Moreover he and Hawwa, generally called Adama in the poem (Hawwa is the proper form for Eve, it appears), meet pretty early in the book. Most of their sayings and doings are tolerably obscure. But a certain sense for pre-history (which is one of Mr. Doughty's gifts) awakes in such a passage as this:

ADAM.

When now I made an end to gather
fruits,

Pomegranates, raisins, figs and dates
and nuts;

I stayed; and lifted up my sweated
looks,

On Field around: then was I ware of
cries,

Of ewes and lambs. And on a sharp
cliff found

I these few sheep; where them some
evil beast

Of late had frayed. I turned; those
followed forth:

And they not leave me. These shall
yield us fleece,

Which ere thou gatheredst amongst
thorny brakes;

And milk, that promised us an Angel's
voicp.

And as I came, me Ezriel showed,
neath cliff,

A Cave, where we, in Winter days,
should lodge.

To-morrow will we bear therein our
stuff;

And fold our flock.¹

Observe the "neath cliff" as a characteristic locution of the author. More gleams of beauty come through the prose than the verse, as in the following stage-direction:

(A Spring Month, bearing a green leaf-branch; and in whose chapelet, of leaves and flowers, a shining Moon is set; passeth by above.)

There are some people to whom eccentricity seems a proof of the highest genius. From critics of this class Mr. Doughty has received extravagant praise. We have already in the notice of his "Dawn in Britain" paid tribute to his vigor and picturesqueness when he is at his best. But at his best he is always prolix, and prolixity is a fault farthest removed from high poetic inspiration. It would not be easy to find out of his "Dawn in Britain" a more vivid passage than that of Brennus and Heremod, his blood-brother, crossing the Rhine in winter:

On swift steeds, part² then Heremod
forth and Brennus.

They come, in few armed journeys,
down to Rhine,

Behold that mighty river flogged with
frost.

Sore now the cold; and o'er his marble
streams,

As on a bridge, those Almain, dryfoot,
pass;

¹ In our citations from Mr. Doughty we adhere to the author's punctuation.

² "Depart."

To where, like silver fretwork, shines
 much forest.
 But dwellers which beyond Rhine's bordering flood;
 When they see Britain Gauls with
 Brennus, pass;
 Blowing their horns, together leap to
 arms;
 Till etheling Heremod, in their speech,
 them hails.

Soon voice of his own people through
 thick woods
 He hears: with youths many an answering shout
 Of them that come with rushing teams
 and sleds
 And those now halt some little from
 that place.

Of which one line certainly merits
 high praise:

To where, like silver fretwork, shines
 much forest.

And yet how far this passage falls short of a very high standard may be shown by comparison, not with other poetry, but with a simple and an *incidental* fragment of prose. It is from Flaubert's "Salambô," and describes (but only parenthetically as it were) the sufferings of the Gaulish mercenaries of the Carthaginians when in revolt and camped round the city. It is in a moment of *scirocco* or *khamzin*, the hot wind of the desert.

Le Gaulois les lèvres collées contre les trous de sa tente râlait d'épuisement et de mélancolie. Il pensait à la senteur des pâturages par les matins d'automne, à des flocons de neige, au beuglement des aurochs perdus dans le brouillard; et fermant ses paupières croyait apercevoir les feux des longues cabanes couvertes de paille trembler sur les marais au fond des bois.

It is the "flocons de neige" which allow us to bring this passage into comparison with the other. But both are of forest scenes in prehistoric days. The prose is indeed the prose of a master; but, after all, the description is quite incidental, quite outside the main

plot of the book. Flaubert had no temptation to "work up" the passage. And in vividness, in richness of detail, what a contrast between the prose and the verse!

It is certainly not a sign of great vigor in modern poetry the degree in which our verse-writers appear to be haunted by themes which are already associated with the names of great masters. Thus a few years ago Mr. Binyon, a master of graceful versification, published a volume, "Adam's Death," of which the chief fault was that, though it charmed the ear while one read, it proved very difficult of remembrance after the book was closed. The truth is, the story of Adam has not for modern minds the vitality which it had for the Bible-nourished Puritans of the seventeenth century. And even if all this were not to-day (in the light of Biblical criticism) become legendary and vague, the fact that they were trespassing over the "wide demesne" of Milton should keep poets off this ground. Mr. Stephen Phillips is another poet who can never resist the attraction of other men's masterpieces. In his latest volume, "New Poems," he tells again, in his own fashion—and that means very attractively, but not very robustly—the story of Eudymion. This, too, does Mr. Maurice Hewlett in his "Artemision"; necessarily, may be, considering the subject. But then, was the subject itself necessary?

With these two poets, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Hewlett, we are in the full stream of quite a different tendency from that which shaped Mr. Doughty's verse. Neo-classicism binds all these poets together—Mr. Phillips, Mr. Binyon, Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Herbert Trench. They all, too, belong to the melodious school. But with these two traits which unite them all there is room enough for great diversity, Mr. Sturge Moore, for instance

(who has not published very recently), stands very far removed in style and substance (of versification, not of subject) from Mr. Hewlett. He has in his best poems more of classic dignity than any other of this school. But of all these writers we may say that their writing is calculated to fulfil the first purpose of poetry. It gives pleasure to the ear and (at the very least) gently excites the imagination. To do either of these things asks art, and to possess art gives them the title to write or sing.

Qui bibit arte bibat, qui canit arte canat.

There was a time, indeed, when the art of some of these poets seduced us overmuch. We will excuse ourselves from saying very much about Mr. Phillips' latest volume; for in former years he has been over-praised. The extraordinary skill with which long since (in "Christ in Hades") he imitated the Miltonic line was calculated to deceive and did deceive even the elect among critics. Since then Mr. Phillips has partly betrayed his own cause by showing his incapacity to desist from imitating, how he seems impelled to deal in matter or in manner with an art which has been already perfected. Having caught the Miltonian manner, he set to work upon the Shakespearean drama. Everybody of course has tried his hand at that. But few have in externals copied it so closely as Mr. Phillips did—down to its scenes of comic relief. And then again, it was wiser not to choose *material* which has once been moulded by the hand of a master. It is a palliation of our author's indiscretion for not leaving alone seventy perfect lines of the "Divina Commedia," that D'Annunzio has been as indiscreet; but it is not an exoneration. When Mr. Phillips produced his "Ulysses" a critic slyly but justly breathed a wish that the writer had not

"taken that occasional nod of Homer's as an invitation to himself." The latest volume gives us, as has been said, a new "Endymion." In the "Quest of Edith," "The Parting of Launcelot and Guinevere" the verse is frankly Tennysonian. But in one place, the poet's prophecy for the coming century, Kiplingesque versification has caught Mr. Phillips' fancy. It is in the "Endymion," however, that we find him most characteristically and without question charmingly inspired. We recognize both in manner and matter the author of "Marpessa" in such a speech as the following of Endymion after he has received Artemis' first kiss.

What melancholy sweet
Steals over me, what magical distress.
Distant delicious trouble and new pain!
Ah! ah! what hast thou done? For I
begin
To grieve for ancient wars, and at the
thought
Of women that have died long, long
ago,
For sea-tossed heroes laboring toward
the west.
Ah! ah! what hast thou done? For I
am thrilled
With perils in the enchanted dawn of
Time,
And I begin to sorrow with strange
things
And to be sad with men long dead: O
now
I suffer with old legends, and I pine
With long sea-glances for a single sail.

When we read verse such as this we acknowledge that, though Mr. Phillips should not try to write Shakespearean drama, he has earned the adjective which Shakespeare's contemporaries oftenest bestowed on the poet, "mellifluous" "honey sweet." To us to-day the adjective (for Shakespeare) appears strangely insufficient. This verse is sweet, but it is also rather rhetorical. And if it comes as a pleasant change after much reading of Mr. Doughty, it is apt—this sort of thing is apt when persevered with (so perverse is human

nature), to make us view the unmelodious poets with more toleration than before.

We might expect to meet something of the happy mean in Mr. Hewlett, because, in the first place, Mr. Hewlett is not by profession a poet and not therefore professionally led to a policy of "thorough," and because as a poet he seems to have hesitated at one time whether to range himself of the melodious or immelodious school.¹

And this happy mean in the matter of versification we do in fact get in "Artemision." If we are never kept upon the strain or wafted toward the higher flights of imagination, as we are in the above citation from Mr. Phillips' "Endymion," Mr. Hewlett's "biography" of the maiden-goddess flows on very easily and pleasantly with an occasional rise to passages of great beauty, as in the following picture of Artemis as the mothering goddess, Elleithyia—in Latin, Lucina (*Sive tu Lucina probas vocari—Sen Genitalis*).

And in the cotes it was the same
As under the brown eaves. O' night
In winter-time, when all in white
The world lay dully, she would pass
Trackless upon the frozen grass
To rid the burthen'd ewes, and draw
The lambs within the shealing straw
And wattles. She too from the flocks
Past to their bane, the sly bitch-fox,
And to her sandy earth brought peace.
The squirrels quick that nest in trees,
The lightfoot deer, that in the glades

¹ That is to say, in his first volume of verse, "Songs and Meditations" (1896), out of which we extract the following exordium of an "Ode to the Dawn of Italy":

"As to a mountain holy
Peak in a haze of live blue trembling air,
Anointed by the glory of the Sun,
So faltering as a pilgrim, faint and slowly
I lift up wearied eyes
To this vague land that lies
As a tired queen ere her long day begun,
Breasting the Southern glamour, and slaves the
North
To fan the tresses of her heavy hair,
And with her stretched palms draws East and
West in one."

Here surely rhyme is quite out of place. Rhyme is always meant to be subservient to rhythm, to help to round its periods and emphasize its pauses.

Go twitching ears and skuts, she aids;
The hare that loves the corn and furrow,
The huddled coney deep in burrow,
The company of birds—all things
That breathe partook her ministrings;

The inclination to deal in classical themes seems almost an obsession among the special school of poets whom we call the melodists; and must no doubt have some true inspiration at the root of it. Neo-paganism is recognized as a "note" of contemporary thought and feeling; and this not in the sense in which "paganism" is often used by theologians and in sermons, as synonymous with irreligion: but as a genuine attraction toward ancient beliefs. The mere references to classic mythology, the use of the names of gods and goddesses, nymphs, fauns, dryads—that has been the "common form" of poetry in all ages. We cannot count that a sign of real attraction toward classic creeds. In truth, the influence of the ancients on the moderns is by no means always positive. Outside the vocabularies and common forms it is a fact to be noted—not for approval but for curiosity—that on the greatest of the moderns classicism has had on occasion a repellent effect. Where Shakespeare touches the Homeric story (in "Troilus and Cressida") he vulgarizes it: no less can honestly be said. Of Milton must be affirmed, too, this paradox, that while no English poet was more steeped in classic culture, none was less a Grecian in disposition; none had less of the mythopoeic spirit which is of the essence of Greek poetry. Of the purely intellectual poetry which intervenes between Milton and the Revival of the nineteenth century, there is no need to speak. Out of the Revival aforesaid Keats stands out in a sense pre-eminently classical—"that modern ancient" as he has been called. Yet Keats' inspiration (from that source) was really slight and partial—

mostly from the plastic side of Greek art: from Greek life looked upon as a "thing of beauty" and no more. It is that element in Homer, its ballad-like vigor, its picturesqueness, which best survive into "Old Chapman"; and of course Keats knew no touch of the classics themselves. Thus in Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," though it is too much of a *pastiche* to be a poem of the first rank, there is more of grandeur (the true characteristic of Greek verse) than in any of Keats' poems. If, however, "Hyperion" had been completed, if it had been infused with a fuller breath of life than is in the fragment that was written, it might have been a real and great monument of neo-paganism. Keats did not grow old enough to understand or to present paganism in its greatness—not half so much, for instance, as Wordsworth does in those few lines about Proteus and the Triton's horn—which greatness is after all to be gathered better perhaps from Greek tragedy (and not seldom from old Herodotus) than from Greek epic. There is hardly so much of this in Keats as here and there in Herrick when he uses "religious" in the classical sense:

That for seven lustres I did never come
To doe the rites of thy Religious
Tombe:

That neither haire was cut, or true
teares shed

By me o'er thee (as justments to the
dead),

Forgive, forgive me: since I did not
know

Whether thy bones had here their Rest,
or no;

and at once strikes an awe into us. For our more recent poets, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, they are all far too much occupied with their age, its metaphysical, political problems, and so forth, to have leisure to receive deep inspiration from the past. "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Atalanta in

Calydon" are worlds apart. But they are not less divided from each other than remote from the spirit and the solemn splendor of Greek tragedy.

There is room enough, therefore, for neo-paganism in modern poetry, as there is certainly also a tendency toward it in the Time-Spirit. But most of the expression thereof in verse has as yet been of a not very virile kind. If we are to attribute to the soothing influence of classical legend and classical mythology the undoubtedly sweet versification which we get from writers such as Mr. Phillips and Mr. Hewlett, we have indeed so much to be thankful for. But when withdrawing that attractive veil we try to see how much they have absorbed of the finer spirit of the ancients, the result is disappointing. Behind the classical costume we discover too much not only of what is essentially modern, but that is as commonplace as modern. Thus "Marpessa," Mr. Phillips' best achievement in this kind, stripped of its fair lines, is really a modern girl (of the best sort certainly) electing for "love in a cottage." And the Artemis of Mr. Phillips' newer poem "Endymion," when she says

Though I rule the night, yet still am I
A woman:

tells the exact truth. But in so doing she tells that Mr. Phillips has not risen above the dulness toward things divine which marks our epoch. It is only to a generation which lacks the *sensus numinis* that it is needful to point out that it is not "ruling the night" which makes a goddess. Mr. Hewlett's conception of Artemis is similar to Mr. Phillips'. We had occasion to test the powers of Mr. Doughty's verse (at its best) beside a short passage of French prose. It is possible to apply a test somewhat similar to Mr. Hewlett. Ste-Beuve in his "Causeries" has occasion to review "Bettina's" letters, in one of

which Bettina Brentano recounts an incident of Goethe's youth taken from the lips of Frau Goethe the mother in Frankfort. It tells how once when there was skating the young "Wolf-gang" was with others upon the ice, the mother looking on, wearing a handsome cloak. Goethe came back to her and insisted on borrowing this cloak to make a finer show. At least in the mother's eyes the result was achieved: the effect was so splendid that recalling it these long years after to her hearer Frau Goethe says, "He looked like the son of a god." On which Ste-Beuve finely comments:

Mais n'avez-vous pas senti dans ce simple récit de la mère tout l'orgueil de Latona? Ne croirait-on vraiment: entendre, non la femme d'un bourgeois de Frankfort, mais l'épouse d'un sénateur romain, une impératrice romaine ou Cornélie?

This is but the echo. Now turn from the echo to what should be the original, but is the original that has passed through the brain of Mr. Hewlett:

This mother meek
Called them, and stilled her voice to
speak
Against her tears; and thus she said:
"O dear desire and comelihead,
Wherein my Lord hath made my state
Above all mothers fortunate!
Not so wise mother should I prove
If my own love should drown my love
Of that I live to love. Not mine
Your ways henceforward. Nay, un-
twine
Your close arms; beating heart and
heart,
Throb no accord with mine. Depart,
O Daughter, go you now, my Son.
Lo, ye are Gods! I am not one.
Yet since no shame can make you less,
Nor harm come there where mothers
bless
Their children—since they bless by
prayer—
Kneel you this last time."

How poor and commonplace is this beside the prose of Ste-Beuve's cry of

admiration. Calisto in the same poem "chaffed" by her fellow-nymphs for her untidiness is a picture which might come from a London workshop. All this might pass if it were mere Chaucer narrative we were dealing in—for to Chaucer the classics *were* but collections of tales: might pass and more than pass the picture of fauns and satyrs laughing at Endymion's infatuation—as narrative it is good enough—

The hairy Satyr mumbling in his den,
The frolic Fauns, the Nymphs of fern
and fen,
Hid up their twinkling eyes and stuff'd
their mouths

With leaves to choke their merriment.
O men,

O heroes so brain-valorous, O ye youths,
Befogg'd so quick by things beyond
your ken!

But the theory is that our author has risen to chant the glory of the goddess. The lovers of goddesses must be half-divine, not simple swains.

Are we still in the classic revival when we come to the chief item of Mr. Herbert Trench's "New Poems," "Apollo and the Seaman"? It is hard to say. There is a curious note at the end of Mr. Trench's volume *à propos* of this piece, saying that it is "intended to be accompanied by orchestral music," and that, "closely following the text, Mr. Joseph Holbrooke has composed a symphony" to it. This seems rather pretentious. Does it mean that the poem is of such a high quality that it should only be read to an accompaniment of or prefaced by solemn music? Elia, indeed, says something like that of Milton. But then Elia adds: "But he brings his music, to which who listens had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears." Perhaps Mr. Trench's note means (for the general reader) no more than that his thoughts, too, should be docile and uncritical. Not having the score of Mr. Holbrooke's symphony at hand, we are obliged to take "Apollo

and the Seaman" as we find it. The piece is an allegory: it would probably be described as "symbolism"; but it is not really that. Apollo meets the Seaman at a seaport tavern. There ensues a long dialogue (which is pure allegory) concerning the loss of the good ship "Immortality," whose building, whose manning, and whose decay are described with a good deal of picturesqueness. The metre used during all this portion is the ballad metre. And that is enough to show that Mr. Trench drew his inspiration from "The Ancient Mariner." Coleridge was once reproached (by Mrs. Barbauld, unless we forget) that the moral element was deficient in "The Ancient Mariner." He answered that in his view it was excessive. He would hardly, therefore, have "passed" Mr. Trench's poem, in which it is impossible to get up any strong interest in the events, not easy in the descriptions, so completely unreal, so wholly allegorical are they.

There was no whisper out of space
Scarcely a ripple ran
From thine incommensurable side
O dim leviathan,

When from afar I came in flight.
Rumors 'gainst thee to probe,
Leaving far off, engraved in shade
Many a dreaming silver globe
And approaching thee on the middle sea
Wrapt in my darkling robe.

Such lines as these are redolent of "The Ancient Mariner": but they are beautiful and make us wish for something more concrete. They make us feel that if we had had a creation instead of a sermon it might have been a veritable addition to modern poetry. Though such a verse as

Rumors 'gainst thee to probe

is rather a shock in the midst of our picture of the sun-god gliding earthward amid the silver spheres "engraved [etched?]" in shade.

The ending of this poem, where the

mariner sees a ghostly vision of his wife and child, is the most original, unexpected, and therefore on the whole the most poetical part of the allegory. It will be seen that here the metre changes:

A small house in a by-way dark
Beneath that April cloud,
And nigh the doorway he looked up
Keen-eyed. He could have vowed

It was his wife stood shining there
Yon, where the lintel dripped.
With soft, profound, familiar look
Low-laughing forth she skipped:

Her mute nod warned him (while her
hair
Released bright drops that fell)
And bade him watch, but not disturb
A happy spectacle.

Now vapor'd were these cobble-stones
And the runnel where they stood
Fleeted adown the middle street,
Rays gleaming on its mud,
When lo! he saw a boy, their son,
Squatted beside the flood,

Like the city's sole inhabitant
And lost to aught beside,
Wholly absorbed, aloof, intent.
Upon that ruffling tide

The boy embarked a faery ship
Of paper, white and gay,
And watched, with grave ecstatic smile,
Its glories whirled away.

This poem, "Apollo and the Seaman," is decidedly the best in Mr. Trench's volume of "New Poems," though it occupies no large space therein. The other pieces are mostly rather reminiscent, resembling in this so much of modern verse:

As if they played at being names
Still more distinguished: like the games
Of children,

as Browning writes. "Daughters of Joy" smacks of Matthew Arnold. "In summer time when Mary bathes" may have been inspired by a very beautiful poem of Mistral's, but falls behind its

prototype. But out of these there are some poems ("The Questioners" is one) which have a fascination of their own—a something in them of the "Celtic Revival" in which Mr. Trench has through his "Deldre Wed" a rightful place.

That if Coleridge had rejected "Apollo and the Seaman" he would have passed Mr. Legge's "The Pilgrim Jester" we do not suppose. There is a considerable tendency to sermonizing here. And yet the two poems are not quite of the same class. If Mr. Trench's is undoubtedly allegory, "The Pilgrim Jester" may more justly be described as symbolism; and symbolism is a form of art known to-day both in poetry and prose. However unsuited to Coleridge's age, it has obtained a place as yet vague and undefined in ours. As Mr. Trench's poem must own a fatherhood in "The Ancient Mariner," so does Mr. Legge's in "Don Juan," not indeed in the metre as in the first case,⁴ but in the admixture of grave and gay, the veil of irony drawn over what is in many parts very moving verse. There is, however, this difference, that a vast body of modern poetry—all belonging to this "symbolic" school—proceeds on the same methods, by a similar mingling of serious and grotesque, and that "Don Juan" itself might be taken as a prediction of all this versification were it not that the true fountain-head of all of it is "Faust." The amalgam of light and serious shows itself in this class of poetry by the frequent introduction of a comic or at least grotesque double-rhyme; what for England might be called the *Hudibras*-rhyme. Such for instance is the "Gallico" and "tally-ho" of the first part of Browning's "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," which at bottom is certainly serious enough. The versification of this piece of Browning we may fairly take to be inspired by Goethe. And so are

⁴ The Don Juan metre is used in one of Mr. Legge's "jests" the seventh.

Ibsen's two narrative-dramatic poems "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," where sadness and cynicism strive for mastery. With all which body of verse "The Pilgrim Jester" is certainly to be classed, though a good deal of exception may be taken to the handling of the plot. The jester is an imaginary, in truth an impossible being, who professes at the outset to come among men to teach them to laugh. As a fact there is no sound of laughter in his verse, which is sometimes ironical, quite as often sad, but never gay. Even allegory must have an element of probability about it, a certain realism: all the more in this case because Mr. Legge's scenes are eminently realistic: so that when the jester is made to speak in the House of Commons our sense of fitness is shocked. Yet the exordium of the speech is a happy example of the easy flow of the versification:

I feel

A pride it would be futile to conceal
At making to discussion so profound
My feeble contribution. All around
Historic ghosts are gliding. From these
walls

The phantom echo of dead voices falls,
The vague, faint clang of conflict. Men
have come

And gone in generations since the hum
Of speech first sounded here. When
they evolved

This talk-machinery, that should have
solved

The legislative problem, there was need
Of Talkers,—and the race began to
breed.

Before, dominion of the world belonged
To deeds and not to rhetoric. How
wronged

Was eloquence when, merely by the
force

Of personality, so crude and coarse
And inarticulate, some rough strong
man,

Approaching life with no more subtle
plan

Than just to do what wanted doing,
ruled

Without the arts wherein *we* have been
 schooled,
 And drove the world the way he chose,
 —sometimes
 A bad way, sometimes good; his an-
 tique crimes
 No doubt were many; but he steered
 the boat
 And kept the rude community afloat
 Through stormy waters. We, serenely
 sure
 Of greater wisdom, seek the final cure
 For human ills from rulers who can
 talk,—
 Rating the magpie far above the
 hawk,—
 And all the power and all the prizes
 throw
 To them whose language has the fin-
 est flow.

But of all the different adventures—
 here called “jests” (*i.e.* “gestes”)—of the
 jester the quaintest is the meeting of
 the jester and the philosopher as it
 might be on Hampstead Heath (“an
 open-bosomed suburban hill,” where a
 country heritage lingered), which ends
 in a corybantic dance of the pair. In
 “The Pilgrim Jester” the “symbolic”
 verse is broken by lyrics at the end of
 each “geste.” And while by its half-al-
 legory we can link this poem to Mr.
 Trench’s “Apollo and the Seaman,”
 these lyrics, in verses such as

The torrent of Endeavor,
 The waterway of Strife,
 Reverberates for ever
 The louder tones of Life.
 But in a quiet pool among the reeds,
 Reason, with folded wings,
 Like a white swan above the trailing
 weeds,
 Slow, with their motion, swings.

The glorious surge and thunder,
 The splendor of the foam,
 Roll every coward under,
 And sweep the brave heart home.
 But, ah! the silent byways of the
 stream,
 Where brooding Thought may float
 Through flags and lilies of a long day-
 dream,
 So tranquil,—so remote!

allow us to class “The Pilgrim Jester”
 rather loosely with the other poems of
 the melodious school.

So that albeit Mr. Legge’s poem
 stands in a category somewhat apart
 from the ones with which we have pre-
 ceded it from Mr. Trench or Mr. Hew-
 lett, we may say of all these poets that,
 in sharp contrast with (for example)
 Mr. Doughty, they make a very distinct
 aim after beauty: the *dulcia sunt* of
 Horace does not provoke them to con-
 scious opposition. And they are mostly
 in possession of a considerable techni-
 cal gift.

Of our third order of poets, whom we
 may call the ballad-mongers and whose
 appeal is to the patriotic sentiments,
 the same can hardly be said. They
 may possess high powers of versifica-
 tion, but the metre in which they ex-
 press themselves gives no great scope
 for its display. Of Mr. Kipling, who is
 the head of the confraternity, one may
 say that he does possess high powers
 of versification. His “Recessional”
 would alone be evidence of this. One
 of his books of stories (published in
 the nineties) is prefaced by a little lyric
 as beautiful as one of the Eliza-
 bethan lyrics, of which indeed we may
 prophesy that it will be omitted from
 no later anthologies of nineteenth-cen-
 tury verse. It is that beginning:

Thy face is far from this our war.
 Our call and counter-cry,
 We shall not find thee quick and kind,
 Nor know thee till we die.

But, as a rule, Mr. Kipling has pre-
 ferred to appeal to tastes less educated.
 And the form of the ballad he has
 chosen to write in is not a form (such
 as that of “The Ancient Mariner” or
 “Christabel”) which can be made the
 vehicle for the finest kind of poetry,
 but one that is in itself and by nature,
 as it were, rude and primitive, and
 makes appeal to the uncultivated. The
 uncultivated (that is to say) in the mat-
 ter of versification. It is the case that

there are thousands of people who can appreciate as well as any others a poetical sentiment, who very likely are cultivated in the region of the plastic arts, in history, or in science, but whose ear has never been trained to appreciate the better sorts of verse; this for its apprehension needs a training of the ear as special as, though different from, musical training. To such folk Kipling's "Ballad of East and West" will appeal much more than the little lyric which we referred to above. This is not saying that the "Ballad of East and West" is not, like a great deal of Mr. Kipling's verse of the same order, a fine and stirring performance. The same praise must be given to the early work of Mr. Newbolt, who comes next after Mr. Kipling as a master in this *genre*. "Admirals All" will remain a noteworthy achievement, although the justice of criticism is compelled to discount in a measure the popularity which achieves this simple, this rather unintellectual type of poetry.⁵ Sometimes the popularity of this class of verse is expressed in a fashion which must be embarrassing to the authors themselves; as when about the end of the war a chaplain to one of the military hospitals in South Africa wrote (to the "Spectator") mentioning how popular Mr. Newbolt's verse was with his convalescents, and praying for the production of more of this kind of "actual" poetry and for less of such as "appealed to the imagination." Mr. Newbolt's work hardly comes within our purview. "Admirals All" lies behind us ten years and more. Mr. Newbolt's first poems have now been merged in a larger collection, "The Island Race." Looking back upon these pieces one is certainly struck by the imitative character of a great many. This, for instance, is the beginning of one ("San Stefano"):

⁵ We believe "Admirals All" has run to a score of editions.

It was morning in St. Helen's, in the
great and gallant days,
And the sea beneath the sun glittered
wide,
When the frigate set her courses, all
a-shimmer in the haze,
And she hauled her cable home and
took the tide.

And this the end of another ("The Gay Gordons"):

Rising, roaring, rushing like the tide
(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
They're up through the fire-zone, not to
be denied;
(*Bayonets and charge! by the right!*)
Thirty bullets straight where the rest
went wide,
And thirty lads are lying on the bare
hillside;
But they passed in the hour of Gor-
don's pride,
To the skirl of the pipers' playing.

Which are almost pure "Kipling." They are imitative, it must also be owned, of not a very high order of poetry. One has every sympathy with the soldier lying ill in hospital, and is glad that he should have the mental food which suits him. We can well believe that "The Gay Gordons" would stir his blood more than Tennyson's "Revenge," which is not "actual." But the laws which govern poetry are inexorable. We have only to repeat the opening of Tennyson's ballad to recognize how far both Mr. Newbolt and his master lag behind.

At Flores in the Azores, Sir Richard
Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird,
came flying from far away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have
sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard:
"Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my
ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must
fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we
fight with fifty-three?"

The ballad (song, rather) which gave

a title to Mr. Newbolt's first volume, that too seems poor enough in comparison with Tennyson. Yet it moves us. And the other old favorites of that series, or that followed soon after, "Drake's Drum," "Hawke," "The Quarter Gunner's Yarn," "Craven," "The Death of Admiral Blake," "Admiral Death," will always retain and deserve a high degree of popularity. There are in addition in "The Island Race" and in Mr. Newbolt's later volumes a number of pieces which are not of this warlike type. Most are not first rate. But there are exceptions, such as "Ireland, Ireland," which though of but three verses has a high quality. It is a pity, indeed, that the author did not develop by a verse or two this image of the ravished maiden gone hopelessly mad. He might have made out of it a remarkable poem. Mr. Newbolt is evidently not self-critical. For along with verse which is in its way inspired he mingles much that is merely imitative, and pieces that hardly rise above the level of a school magazine.

We class Mr. Noyes as of the same school with Mr. Newbolt because, though his "Drake" is not a ballad-poem but a blank-verse epic, it seems to us his appeal is to the same kind of sentiment and one may say expectation which Mr. Kipling's poetry was the first to awake in us. A sentiment bears no relation to the means by which men seek to express it. Nothing is finer than maternal emotion; but much of the verse which it has inspired is not fine. Mr. Noyes has undoubtedly a great facility in writing, and he has touched a great variety of themes. His "Drake" (an epic in two volumes) is his best known achievement: that is altogether "patriotic." Other of Mr. Noyes' poems would, so far as their subject-matter goes, class him with the neopagans and the melodists. We take the following passage from "Drake"

(Book VII.) descriptive of the effect on England of the return of the "Golden Hynde" and her crew:

The rumor of her wealth,
Out-topped the wild reality. The crew
Were princes as they swaggered down
the streets
In weather-beaten splendor. Out their
doors,
To wonder and stare the jostling citizens ran
When they went by; and through the
length and breadth
Of England now the gathering glory of
life
Shone like the dawn. O'er hill and
dale it streamed:
Dawn, everlasting and almighty dawn,
Making a golden pomp of every oak—
Had not its British brethren swept the
seas?—
In each remotest hamlet by the hearth,
The cart, the gray church-porch, the
village pump,
By meadow and mill and old manorial
hall,
By turnpike and by tavern, farm and
forge,
Men staved the crimson vintage of romance
And held it up against the light and
drank it.

This, we believe, is a good and typical example of Mr. Noyes' facility, of an undoubted picturesqueness in his verse, but of a tendency toward rhetoric rather than toward genuine poetry. The line about the oaks sweeping the seas has the smariness of a speech; and "turnpike" is for those days a most inept synonym for a high-road.⁶ There is, indeed, a certain "magazine" flavor about all Mr. Noyes writes. It removes him very far from those we have called the melodious poets, whose sense of technique is much the finer. None of these, we may be sure, would cast any part of a poem on Orpheus and Eurydice in such a galloping kind of metre as the following:⁷

⁶ Turnpikes were introduced in the seventeenth century.

⁷ Forty Singing Seamen, p. 76.

Cloud upon cloud the purple pinewoods
clung to the rich Arcadian moun-
tains,

Wholly sweet as a column of incense
where Eurydice roamed and sung:
All the hues of the gates of heaven
flashed from the white enchanted
fountains,

Where in the flowery glades of the
forest, the rivers that sing to Ar-
cadia sprung.

But poems of this sort are likewise
remote from the appeal of "Drake."

Thus this third stream of contempo-
rary poetry, the patriotic type, has of
late years run rather dry, so that we
have been obliged to look beyond the
limits of quite recent verse in order to
include it, as it was desirable to do.
Yet, after all, it is something of an
achievement in English literature to
produce three such distinct orders of
versification and really good verse in
each kind. Beautiful, for example, as
the Elizabethan songs and lyrics are,
they are all amatory. And in point of
both form and subject-matter there is
a great uniformity in the Carolingian

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muse. Yet here we cite two periods
which are apulse with the finest lyr-
ical power. In the age of the second
Charles there is a vast decline in qual-
ity and no great extension of the field
of verse, while with the rise into fa-
vor of the rhymed heroic stanza all
other forms seem to wither or (like the
verse of Gray and Collins) to flourish
only in the shade. Of course it is
very different with the great Revival of
the early nineteenth century. But it is
to be presumed none would dream of
setting up our age in rivalry to that.
There must always be fallow times.
We cannot assume that the vast body
of the verse which is produced nowa-
days is destined to survive. It is im-
possible for us who live among it to
guess what will do so. But this is cer-
tain, that very much of it shows great
technical excellence; and that in that
respect the average is high. We may
predict that for future anthologies no
small sheaves will be gleaned which de-
serve remembrance and will be re-
membered.

SIEGE DINNERS, 1870-71.

A few years ago a *maitre d' hôtel* at
a London restaurant gave me a little
quarto book which he said might in-
terest me, knowing my partiality for
gastronomic curiosities.

The book is in manuscript through-
out, and the title-page, written in
faded gold ink, reads as follows:—

LES MENUS d'un

Restaurant de Paris durant le siège.

Préface d'analogue Passionnelle
sur

Les Malheurs de la France.

Le lendemain d'un jour où la France
aura congédié ses six cent mille soldats,
le monde sera à elle.

A. TOUSSENEL.

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The restaurant in question is still
well known as "Peter's," in the *Pas-
sage des Princes*. The book is, in the
strictest sense, a human document, for
on each page is the menu of the fare
offered to the clients from day to day,
beginning on the 15th of December,
1870, and ending on the 28th of Janu-
ary, 1871. Opposite each menu are
the observations of the cook as to the
prices he paid for the different viands.
A comparison of the cost price with
the retail prices charged on the bill
of fare is instructive.

"A Besieged Resident," who was in
Paris at the time, and is at once a
gourmet and a journalist, writes to me
as follows:—

I should imagine that the proprietor of Peter's restaurant during the siege would be a very fair guide about prices of food. I dined there frequently then, and both before and since, for it is a very comfortable restaurant in winter, as it is always warm. The prices are fairly moderate, and the food good, though there were others more fashionable. Its specialty was that it always had a joint, so I suppose that its original proprietor was either an Englishman or catered for them.

On the first day recorded in this little book the only unusual dishes appearing are—

Sauté de chat aux racines....5 francs
Cheval en daube6 francs

On the following day variety is introduced in the shape of—

Rosbif de cheval au macaroni francs 3.50
Carré de mulet, sauce poivrade francs 3
Sauté d'âne à la bourgeoise francs 3.50

On the same day asparagus per portion was francs 3.50; plum pudding, franc 1.50; and a pear, franc, 1.25.

Among the observations it was noted that a cat cost six francs, a live sheep from the *Jardin des Plantes* 150 francs, and mule flesh, francs 3.50 per kilo.

Both mule and donkey flesh appear to have been much appreciated, although opinions as to their flavor differ considerably, and it is amusing to contrast them.

There is an old dining club in Paris called "*le Moulin à Sel*" to which many artists, sculptors, literary folk and politicians belong. At one of their dinners a few years ago an interesting paper was read by M. Fulbert Dumontell, a very well-known writer on gastronomy, entitled "*L'Apothéose de l'Âne*." In the course of the address, which was, of course, devoted to the edible qualities of the donkey, the author referred to the trials of the siege of Paris.

"During the siege," he said, "I was wandering one dull morning round about the *Marché des Ternes*, where beef, veal and mutton had been replaced by horse, dog, cat and rat, which were sold at the price of gold. Suddenly I was struck by a notice which read: '*Ici on vend de l'âne*.' I entered the shop and spoke to a girl, whose red cape was wrapped round her head to keep off the icy blast.

"Where do you get this meat from, mademoiselle?"

"Alas! monsieur, we had two beautiful donkeys, which were the admiration of all Suresnes. But we had to come into Paris for safety, so they had to be killed. They were called Ernest and Joseph. Joseph was sold . . ."

"By his brothers?"

"By my father. This is Ernest before you. Doesn't he look appetizing? All there is left of him is his tail, fifteen francs; this fillet, twenty; his brain, sixteen; and his heart, ten. Very cheap, too!"

"I will take the heart, mademoiselle. What is your name?"

"Denise."

"And the young girl, smiling with pale lips, wrapped up Ernest's heart for me—wrapped it up, too, I remember, in one of General Trochu's proclamations: '*Paris ne capitulera pas*!' "Ernest must have been old. His heart, certainly less tender than that of Denise, gave me a bad attack of indigestion—for which I still bear a grudge against the Germans."

Another donkey-eater, the Irish correspondent of a London paper, is much more enthusiastic on the subject, and becomes almost dithyrambic in its praise:

I shall never see a donkey without gratefully thinking of a Prussian. If anyone happens to fall out with his jackass, let me recommend him, instead of beating it, to slay and eat it.

Donkey is now all the fashion. When one is asked to dinner, as an inducement one is told that there will be donkey. The flesh of this obstinate but weak-minded quadruped is delicious—in color like mutton, firm and savory. This siege will destroy many illusions, and amongst them the prejudice which has prevented many animals being used as food. I can most solemnly assert that I never wish to taste a better dinner than a joint of donkey or a ragoût of cat. *Experto crede.*

The cook's observations on the 17th of December must be quoted as they stand; translation would spoil them. The orthography, I may add, is not impeccable:

Le poisson qui nous provenait était de la Seine. Nous achetions régulièrement 50 francs de poisson par jour. Le cheval n'a jamais beaucoup varié de prix, le plus cher fut 8 francs le kilo. Le paon coûtait 15 à 20 francs à l'époque, provenant du jardin des Plantes. Je mis en conserve pour le patron deux mille cinq cents œufs, nous les vendimes 1.50 le pièce deux mois plus tard.

On the following day it is pathetically observed that the wholesale grocers have hidden their stock and only sell it at the price of gold.

The menus during this part of December are, on the whole, surprisingly good. *Hors d'œuvre*, two sorts of fish, roast beef, curried fowl, leg of mutton, duck (a quarter of the bird seven francs), *chat sauté et lapin*, four francs; cauliflower and green peas represented the vegetables, and the *entremets de douceur* were *compôte de prunes* and *mirabelles*.

On the 20th of December the first rats were bought, at seventy-five centimes each, and a deer from the *Jardin des Plantes* for 200 francs.

It is evident that the bartering for comestibles had to be carried on in a more or less secretive manner. A note says:

One night at eleven o'clock we were offered half a Gruyère cheese at the price of twenty-two francs the kilogramme. On the same evening at midnight a man brought us secretly a Brie cheese for thirty francs. It was unentable.

Christmas does not appear to have been celebrated at Peter's Restaurant; but, according to the record of the above-quoted Irishman, the festival did not pass unnoticed. He has left the following notes of his experiences:—

The English here are making feeble attempts to celebrate Christmas correctly. In an English restaurant two turkeys had been treasured up for the important occasion, but unfortunately a few days ago they anticipated their fate and most ill-naturedly insisted upon dying. One fortunate Briton has got ten pounds of camel, and has invited about twenty of his countrymen to aid him in devouring this singular substitute for turkey.

It appears that very generally horseflesh was eaten in the place of beef, and cat was called "rabbit." Both, however, were said to be excellent, the former a little sweeter than beef, but in other respects much like it; the latter something between rabbit and squirrel, with a flavor all its own. Those who had cats with philoprogenitive proclivities were recommended, instead of drowning the kittens, to eat them. Either smothered in onions or in a ragoût they were excellent. A French writer of the period says that he will ever feel grateful to Bismarck for having taught him that cat served up for dinner is the right animal in the right place. The same writer adds:

We still derive much comfort from caricaturing Badinguet, William and Bismarck. The latest effort represents Badinguet and William as Robert Macaire and Bertrand. Another represents Badinguet eating an eagle. "Coquin," says William, "what are you doing with your eagle?" "Eating it," replies Badinguet, "what else can I do with it?"

The temper of the time is shown by the remark quoted by a diarist during the siege:

I went down this morning to the Halles Centrales. There was very little going on. *Bonnes* were coming to market, but most of the booths were untenanted, and the price of vegetables, eggs and butter was exorbitant. "Why do you complain of me?" said a dealer to a customer, "is it my fault? Curse Badinguet and that wretch of a Bismarck! They chose to fight so you must pay double for these carrots." The butchers yesterday published an appeal against the maximum; they said that the cost of animals is so great that they positively are losing upon every joint which they sell. A new proclamation of the mayor has just been issued, announcing that five hundred oxen and four thousand sheep will daily be slaughtered and sold to the butchers at a price to enable them to gain 20 per cent. by retailing meat at the official tariff. I find that come what may, we have coffee and sugar enough to last many months, so that provided the bread does not fail we shall take some time to starve out.

Francisque Sarcey indignantly protested against the practice of eating dogs, a climax which would, he said, have revolted even Ugolino. He declared that he could sooner understand Orestes eating Pylades, Paul devouring Virginia, or the Siamese twins feeding off one another. Hunger, however, knows no law, and in November canine and feline butchers' shops were opened in different parts of Paris. Skillfully prepared, properly skinned and cooked, with a good sauce, the dogs proved excellent eating; their meat was pink and delicate, and by no means tough. Canine cutlets were sold at two francs each, and leg of dog might be purchased during November at double that price per pound.

Two good bourgeois, husband and wife, had a little dog of whom they were very fond. But a day came

when there was nothing to eat in the house, and poor Bijou had to be killed and cooked. His master and mistress sat down to dinner with tears in their eyes and during the dinner the latter mechanically placed the tiny rib-bones on the side of her plate. "Poor Bijou!" she ejaculated with a sigh. "What a treat these would have been for him!"

It should be mentioned that many more cats than dogs were eaten; and, indeed, after the conclusion of the siege scarcely a cat remained in Paris. Invitingly set off with paper frills and colored ribbons, the Parisian tabbies were displayed for sale under the title of "Gutter Rabbits," and as such they met with many eager purchasers. Broiled and seasoned with pistachio nuts, olives, gherkins and pimento, pussy proved a very dainty dish; and there was a great semblance of probability about the story of the woman detected stealing out of a house with a fine cat hidden under her shawl. "Oh, pray do not expose me!" she cried in a plaintive voice "it is for a poor, sick friend!" And, indeed, people in ill-health might partake of far less tender and succulent meats.

The following is a list of the prices of "luxuries": Terrines of chickens, 16 francs; of rabbit, 13 francs; a fowl, 26 francs; a rabbit, 18 francs; a turkey, 60 francs; a goose, 45 francs; one cauliflower, 3 francs; one cabbage, 4 francs; dog, 2 francs a pound. A cat, skinned, cost 5 francs; a rat, 1 franc; if fat from the drains, franc 1.50. Almost all the animals in the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* were eaten. They averaged about 7 francs a pound. Kangaroo, however was sold for 12 francs a pound.

Vizetelly, who was in Paris at the time, writes:

Yesterday I dined with the correspondent of a London paper. He had managed to get a large piece of moufflon, an animal which is, I believe, only

found in Corsica. I can only describe it by saying that it tasted of moufflon and nothing else. Without being absolutely bad, I do not think that I shall take up my residence in Corsica in order to feed habitually upon it. This morning I had a salmi of rats; it was excellent—something between frog and rabbit. I remember when I was in Egypt that my feelings towards the natives were of a curious nature when I saw them eating rat. The older one grows the more tolerant one becomes. If ever I am again in Africa I shall eat the national dish whenever I get a chance. During the siege of Londonderry rats sold for seven shillings each; and if this siege goes on many weeks longer, the utmost that a person of moderate means will be able to allow himself will be an occasional mouse. I was curious to see whether the proprietor of the restaurant would boldly call rat "rat" in my bill. His heart failed him—it figured as a "salmi of game."

A rat market which had been established on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, under the very nose of the Government, was plentifully supplied with the raw material by a number of rat-catchers, who obtained admission into the sewers, and baited their traps with glucose, to which the rats, who live in thousands in the Paris drains, proved particularly partial. The rat, it should be remembered, was not a novelty as an article of food in France. Just as snails are reared in the vineyards of Burgundy for edible purposes, so are the rats which infest the cellars of the wine-growers of the Bordelais converted to alimentary uses. They are highly prized, it is said, when killed in a state of intoxication.

By the 27th of December the price of cats had gone up to eight francs, and a bear from the *Jardin des Plantes* cost 200 francs. A peacock was twenty-nine francs, and one portion of it, "sauté aux racines," was priced at five francs on the *carte du jour*.

The menu of a supper given at Peter's to M. Bonvalet, "maître du III.

Arrondissement," must be given in full:

MENU.

Beurre, Celeri, Sardines, Olives.
Potage de Sagou au vin de Bordeaux.
Saumon à la Berzellus.
Escaloppe d'Eléphant, sauce échalottes.
Ours à la Sauce Toussenet,
Salade de Legumes à la Raspail.
Pommes. Poires. Biscuits.

On the subject of elephants, O'Shea writes:

Yesterday I had a slice of Pollux for dinner. Pollux and his brother, Castor, are two elephants which have been killed. It was tough, coarse and oily, and I do not recommend English families to eat elephant as long as they can get beef and mutton. Castor and Pollux' trunks sold for forty-five francs a pound; the other parts of the interesting twins fetched about ten francs a pound.

Against this statement it may be noted that at Peter's Restaurant on January 2nd it is observed that elephant flesh was bought at thirty francs the kilogramme, and "ce jour là je vendis pour six cent francs d'éléphant." On the 7th January the observations for the day include a note that rats have gone up to two francs each, and the remark: "Mes amis qui reviennent des forts me disent, 'nous ne sommes pas en nombre.' Le commerce commence à dire, 'nous serons forcé à capituler.'"

The other Paris restaurants appear to have been in much the same plight as Peter's, although their prices varied according to their popularity.

At the end of November at Véfour's Restaurant in the Palais Royal, a slice of game pie (nature of game not specified, but easily imagined) was charged two francs, and truffled sausages were one franc each. At the Trois Frères Provençaux, beef (?) sausages were to be had at four francs the pound. At Catelan's, in the rue Vivienne, a moderate-sized plate of so-called bœuf à

la mode and fowl's liver could be obtained for two francs; and at the well-known cheap restaurant in the rue Grange Batelière scraggy roast fowls were to be procured at sixteen francs each. Roast filet, professed to be of beef, was two francs the plat. The celebrated firm of Potel and Chabot were selling tins, said to contain beef, at from fourteen francs to twenty-five francs, according to their size; jerked beef was francs 2.25, and salt junk two francs the pound.

Charet, of the Palais Royal, who was selling roast asses' foal at twelve francs the small packet, black puddings at two francs each, and a small calf's head for twenty-five francs, asked one franc the pint for milk, and twenty-five francs the pound for fresh butter, of which rare and much-coveted product he never displayed at one time more than a single pat, which occupied the centre of a revolving stand, and attracted the curious gaze of a continual crowd of admirers.

Only one diminutive plate of meat (so-called by courtesy) was to be had for each customer at Duval's well-known houses. A couple of carcasses of skinned wolves were to be seen outside a butcher's stall in the Faubourg St. Honoré; the herd of antelopes at the *Jardin d'Acclimation* had been sold off at a rate that took one's breath away to hear; water-rats and the common domestic cat fetched fancy prices; a man was offered 100 francs for a fat poodle.

With regard to dogs, a connoisseur says:

I own for my part I have a guilty feeling when I eat dog, the friend of man. I had a slice of a spaniel the other day; it was by no means bad, something like lamb, but I felt like a cannibal. Epicures in dog-flesh tell me that poodle is by far the best, and recommend me to avoid bulldog, which is coarse and tasteless.

The compiler of Peter's observations justifies his "Analogie Passionnelle" by many quotations and apothegms. He says, for instance: "J'ai connu personnes qui, durant le siège ont fait des fortunes énormes en usurpant le peuple."

On the next page he remarks: "Photocyclide a mis en vers un recueil de Maximes; le grand Raspail les a traduites. Je vals en citer quelques vers comme punition envers les enrichés"—and he proceeds to do so. A literary cook indeed!—but there is ample precedent from Cadmus onwards.

On the 13th of January is a quaint note: "On nous vendit de la salade de laitue cinquante francs; chaque salade avait huit feuilles. Elle provenait des jardins maraichers en dedans des fortifications." On the following day: "Les pommes de terre cinquante francs le décalitre; les pigeons toujours le même prix, de dix à douze francs. Les fruits deviennent rares; beaucoup de marchands de vins manquent de liquide; les épiciers n'ont plus de sel."

On January the 18th M. Toussenet made a find: "Nous découvrimos des bêtes à cornes dans un couvent. La Supérieure nous vendit un bœuf, d'une qualité extra; les côtes avaient cinq centimètres de graisse." This was counterbalanced by an entry on the next day: "Un homme vint nous offrir deux lapins. Cet homme était un incurable de la rue de Serre. Je le fis entrer pour examiner la marchandise. C'est là qu'il me dit. 'Je ne vous apporte pas deux lapins, mais deux beaux chats! Combien en voulez-vous? Sept francs la pièce.' La chose fut acceptée." There seems to have been some difficulty about the cooking of a goat. The ingenious chef records: "Nous achetâmes un bouc, trois francs le kilo. Jamais l'art culinaire ne réussira à faire de la viande de bouc un mets potable. J'ai em-

ployé les acides oxalique, tartarique, métrique, sulfurique, étendue d'eau; il m'a été impossible de faire disparaître l'odeur." On January 22nd occurs a veritable "cri du cœur": "Le pain manque depuis longtemps; le Senat est à l'étranger, la noblesse de Napoléon III. est à Londres! L'ouvrier patience jusqu' au bout!"

Finally, six days later, the menu-diary comes to a close with these remarks: "Le 28 Janvier un armistice est conclue à Versailles entre M. The Contemporary Review.

Jules Favre et M. Bismarck. Le Siège de Paris avait duré 135 jours. Je termine ici les menus du siège. J'avais pu multiplier et donner en parallèle les déjeuners. Les lignes établies, la marée se vendit au prix de l'or. Le siège était fini; le peuple avait du pain!"

[M. Peters, the founder of the restaurant, and at one time owner of the Café Américain, died two years ago, in the Bichet Hospital in extreme poverty, at the age of eighty-four.]

Frank Schloesser.

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK V.

THE CHANCES OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER III.

JUSTIN PROVIDES HIMSELF WITH AN ENEMY AND A FRIEND

Meanwhile on board H.M.S. *Paladin* the cabin passengers were shaking down into the relative positions which they were to fill during the voyage, and making initiatory movements towards mutual acquaintance in the guarded and tentative manner of the British middle class. Those who had boarded the frigate in the Thames had already come to an understanding, establishing mild attractions or repulsions as their cases might be. Major Justin, for instance, was civilly keeping himself clear of the pretty widow, a Mrs. Hollinghurst, whom we have already met casually at Blossom's Inn upon the arrival of a certain coach by which the lady had travelled from St. Albans, and other passengers from Chester.

Our Major had heard something of the lady's story: of her love-match two years before, with old Colonel Hollinghurst of the 12th, and of her husband's death at Gibraltar, whither he had sailed with his regiment, proposing that his bride should follow him in more

comfort than was possible in a crowded and ill-found transport.

It was understood that the late colonel had expressed a wish that his widow should visit his grave.

What was there in this to repel? Nothing. Let us admit that our Major was somewhat capricious. Why is one drawn to this human creature and repelled by that other? Justin could have given no particular reason for his attitude; for his want of complete sympathy with a really charming person; nor did he feel called upon to do so, even to himself. He did not especially care for her society, and that was enough for him. It certainly was not that he preferred another (there were two other ladies on board); there was no woman in the case, nor room for any in his heart, as he believed.

Nor could his want of attention be considered uncivil or pointed. Mrs. Hollinghurst asked nothing at his hands; the youngest and handsomest of the three ladies who had shipped from Gravesend bore the Major no grudge for his abstraction; if he cared not for her conversation there were others who did.

At Falmouth the frigate filled; reliefs and the officers in charge of them, and more ladies came on board, and the business of self-introduction would be recommenced as soon as the late arrivals should have regained their appetites and their complexions.

There was one who had lost neither. Whilst the gentlemen from Pendennis lined the quarter-deck bulwarks in attitudes of passive endurance, and their womenfolk kept their cabins, one lady paced the white planking with firmly set and practised feet. In person tall, massive and middle-aged, Roman-nosed and double-chinned with the eye and port of a general, she surveyed her new command with a smile that was at once tolerant and stern. An experienced traveller this; it was the era of the hoop, but, with foreknowledge of the exigencies of her kingdom, the lady-paramount had come to it dressed less in accordance with the mode than with the requirements of narrow passages and a tiny bunk. The effect might be a trifle ludicrous, but was characteristic; this embodiment of health, experience, sanity, and sense was a British matron.

"I swear that's 'Trigge of the Twelfth,'" whispered an officer from behind his hand. "Who? Ah, ye'll know before we have been a week at sea! I knew her by sight at Colchester, years since; her husband led a wing, but she commanded the regiment; it was wonderful. I heard she was at Gib, and didn't expect her on board. Is there anybody here she knows, I wonder? Hullo, she's boarding Justin!"

The fellow-travellers had already passed one another thrice without recognition, a failure for which the lady's dress, the man's peaked and lapped travelling-cap, and the nationality of both must be responsible. At the fourth meeting the lady accosted him:

"Colonel Justin has evidently forgot-

ten Mrs. Trigge." Her curtesy was a failure, spoilt by the roll of the frigate: she laughed apologetically, and the gentleman, uncovering and starting slightly, laughed too, puckering the corners of his eyes in a swift spasm of recollection.

"Madam!—your servant!—and your pardon. Forgotten ye? Indeed no!" (Confound it, what is the woman's name?) "But when we met—where was it? Lady Anlaby's rout, for one place (I have it!)—you were—we were both of us differently dressed. But what brings ye here, my dear madam? No ill news from Colonel Trigge, I trust? Thank God for that. Ye were but just landed from Gibraltar when we last met, as I think."

"With my daughters; yes, I see ye recall me, Colonel. Yes, their father foresaw troubled times for the garrison and sent us all home, but I'm not the woman to leave my husband to stand a siege without a wife to take care of him." The speaker did not look that sort of woman at all. "So I've shipped for the Rock again, against orders." She laughed cheerily as one who knows that her disobedience will be condoned, as well it might be, for during her six months' furlough had she not besieged poor Mr. Secretary Jenkinson upon her colonel's behalf? Had she not set every wheel turning and pulled every wire by which promotion might be accelerated? Oh, a terrible intriguer, flagrant, unabashed, and un-snubbable is your British matron when upon the warpath, for the husband or son of her heart.

"But yourself, Colonel," she ran on; "what do ye here? You, who were but just back from the Indies, and in the Company's service, too, where ye had done such wonders, and were quite the lion of Town, Colonel."

"Madam, ye are too kind; I am merely major!" interposed Justin, smiling.

"Major? No, no; that will hardly

pass, will it? I had it from *you know* *who*—well, Mr. Jenkinson himself, that he had offered ye the colonelcy of a regiment."

"He was kind enough to do something of the sort——"

"And ye were polite enough to decline it? Never tell me!"

"Madam"—the two were pacing side by side now—"the colonelcy would have taken me to New York, and I most particularly wanted to go to Gibraltar."

"Ye did?—ye good, whimsical man! Then some other gentleman will be thanking ye for the billet ye were foolish enough to refuse. But I beg your pardon, for indeed 'tis no business of mine, as no doubt ye are thinking."

"My dear madam. I am thinking nothing so rude. I am going to the Rock as a major in the 12th—your husband's regiment"—the lady bowed and smiled her pleasure at the information—"because on no other terms could I get there to do what I have to do. And, now, if I trouble ye, Madam, with my private concerns, it is just because the more widely my need is known the more chances I have of finding what I am seeking. You must know that before leaving Madras I accepted the wardship of two young people here at home—orphans. One I have found, and, by God's blessing, have settled in life. He is Ensign Travis, now serving at Gibraltar, in your husband's regiment. His sister I am still seeking. I have followed her, Oh many a mile"—he laughed wearily—"last it was from London to Chester, and from Chester back to Town; I have heard of her here, there, and everywhere. She is supposed to have contracted an unfortunate marriage. Her husband is said to have sailed for Gibraltar last January. I'm in hopes of finding her with him upon my arrival."

"And ye refused your regiment upon such an account as this?"

"No help for it, ma'am; 'twas my bare duty."

"Then all I'll say is that I wish from my heart there were more like ye in the service. It shall be my pleasure to make your ensign's acquaintance upon our rejoining. I cannot recall the name: there was no Travis in the mess when I sailed. And the lady, the young lady. By what name shall I——?"

"Ah, 'tis there ye pose me, madam. Her husband's name seems to be either Tighe, or Bowles, I cannot determine which. My lawyers had news of him from a hackney coachman and I, from another source, and under another name, heard of him from Lord Duddingstone. He is not gazetted as serving in any regiment of the line that is quartered at the Rock."

"But there are auxiliaries, as ye know, Major," remarked the lady—"Corsicans and Hanoverians. Have ye inquired?"

"I have, but so far ineffectually; the states are loosely kept. There was much confusion and overlapping at the War Office under the late Secretary. But I have my hopes."

The two passed on still in conference. A very big, red-headed officer, seated beneath the weather bulwark in the discomfort of incipient nausea, had overheard fragments of their conversation as they passed and repassed. At first he paid no attention to matters which, as he conceived, touched him in nowise, but at their last passing he had caught his own name, slightly altered, indeed, but recognizable, and coupled with it the name of his adoption, now dropped. He pricked his ears and listened with intentness, "Begad, an' I'm in luck again," muttered Boyle, "for if 'tis at Gibraltar ye' are looking for the gur'rl, ye will be looking a long while. And, who the jeuce is this little cock-sparrow who has been doggin' the footsteps of me father's

son this six months? Faith, an' he'd bettther be walkin' wide of me for his bilth's sake!"

CHAPTER IV.

A QUAKERS' MEETING INTERRUPTED.

We all of us know, or think that we know, what a Quakers' Meeting is like, but to most of us the knowledge is traditional, an effect of second-hand impressions, the residuum of common report, and in need of bringing up to date. Elia's essay is a classic, and final with regard to the practice of a century ago, but the "Goodly Sect," as he named it, has altered in externals since Lamb shared its gentle spiritual exercises. The old inwardness remains, although garb and speech have changed. New occasions have bred new issues, and the descendants of Fox and Penn, those truly heroic innovators, have arisen from the meditative silence of a century and are strenuously, if quietly, at work again.

Nowhere to-day shall you see four blank, color-washed walls, enclose such a company as Mr. Walter West has drawn in his fine water-color, the *Silent Meeting*—rank behind rank of placid faces, differing in age and circumstances, but alike in expression, the lines of fleshly desire and worldly care subdued and smoothed out of countenances sobered and quieted by ninety minutes of communion with the Highest in a primal silence.

Such faces are hardly possible to-day, nor are such garments worn. I close my eyes and hear the still rustle of poplin, the soft creep of silks, the infinitely faint rising and lapsing of cap-strings lying upon the bosoms of gentle women. Ah, and the colors that rush upon the inward eye that is the bliss of solitude, the symphonies of dove-hues and drabs, pale lavenders and tender lilacs, unobtrusive half-tints and lost shades of bygone materials. The mittens, too, and the creamy ef-

fects and delicate textures of those ineffable little shawls which my great-aunts wore over their dear shoulders, with ends, not hanging loosely in worldly sort, but crossed and secured with tiny gold pins. And the dear, queer, old coal-scuttle bonnets of cardboard, covered with slate-colored satin, and lined with white sarsenet, which were worn over caps enclosing plaits of well-ruled hair. (My friend, Mr. West, has drawn them all; there is no one else who can. I say it, who know.)

Such were the women whom Lamb likened to "troops of the shining Ones," and as such do I recall them.

Their men were almost equally wonderful. Who nowadays wears the frock-coat of mouse-brown, faced West of England broadcloth, a garment with skirts so ample as to need lifting at a muddy crossing? What living tailor could be trusted to reproduce the chaste curves of those upright collars—(if rolled, or snipped, they were held to lack "simplicity")—and those immaculate and delightfully wrinkly drab "smalls" and pearl-buttoned gaiters cut full to cover the instep and strapped down? The memorable broad-brimmed hats, the thread gloves and all! They are gone with the separated lives, quaint speech, and curbed expression of the Middle Age of Quakerism, itself transitional but extraordinarily picturesque. Yes, they are lost to us: there is no one left who knows how to dress in the simple, grand manner of the saints. Our bishops? Ah, my dear madam, a bishop nowadays is an underpaid, overdriven person, breaking into his capital year by year, living beyond his means, like the rest (has he not published his accounts?), killing himself in a breathless scramble to overtake arrears; licensing, ordaining, confirming, inhibiting, voting, scheming, protesting against time, a pathetic personality, a martyr if you will, and a

martyr of your making, yes, *yours*, who demand all this of him, and pay him an inadequate three or four thousand a year. (Do you in your hearts believe that an apostle would have taken the job on for the money?) Nay, I beseech ye, bishop me no bishops; excellent fellows they are, but you must not claim for them that they know how to carry their finery. It came to them too late in life; they are almost as ill at ease in their millinery as an esquire bedell at a Cambridge degree-giving. No, a modern bishop lives too hard for his clothes to preserve the handbox sheen and the marjoram scent; they betray rough usage. None will deny that some feeling is occasionally shown at Church Conferences, and a prelate who had ridden the whirlwind and controlled the storm of internecine polemics may be expected to display the results in the sit of his apron and the slackened rigging of his hat.

But to my Quakers. They too have descended into the arena, gaining much but losing, alas! the aroma and distinction which I remember, I who have seen it die away and fade into the light of common day.

The super-oriental deliberation is gone too.

Only in some tiny country meeting-house, deep amid copses and corn, if there, shall you find your ideal. The nipping silence of self-examination, the breathless minute preceding the deliverance of his message by some Ministering Friend, the broken outpouring of unpremeditated prayer. Such a scene will remain in the memory of the participant: the black oaken beams overhead, the hard uncushioned benches polished by two centuries of use, the small-paned windows darkened by the flat green palms of encroaching ivy which has o'erflourished roof-tree and chimney-stack, and awaits leave to take fuller possession, the sunshine through the open door and the obstreperous

calling of the cuckoo in the graveyard tree intensifying the depth of the silence maintained by perhaps a score of deeply meditating humans, elderly, childless, dwindling. Have patience, ivy, thy time will come! Not here in this shoaling backwater, but afar, in populous centres, in Garden Cities, Settlements, and Adult Schools, is the life of Quakerism pulsing strongly, modernizing, adapting, and growing; a force to be reckoned with.

If now I should introduce you to a Quakers' Meeting aboardship a hundred and thirty years ago, I will beg you to clear your minds of the unessential.

It was First Day (Sunday) morning at sea. The Straits convoy, heart-stirring sight, was running due south before a gentle, crisp, nor'westerly wind, with the loom of the high Portuguese land on the port quarter. Every bluff-bowed, square-rigged craft of them all dressed for Sunday and flying her red ensign at the peak, and whatever else of split pennant and house-flag she could show, trudged across the polished, whale-backed seas, nodding to herself and mumbling the white bicker beneath her dolphin-striker, like a dog that carries a bone in his mouth.

His Majesty's ship *Paladin*, forty guns, ranging among her charge, as a colley ranges his flock, had overlooked a score or so of low-riding, sail-shaded decks. The day being fair, her quarter rail was topped by the caps and bonnets of her passengers, amusing themselves in superior fashion by quizzing the doings of their social inferiors.

Here, on the snow, lumbering alongside, was a watch in disgrace—putting in a Sabbath morning at the holy-stone. On the brig ahead 'twas washing-day. Cards and sleep engrossed the energies of a third, whilst in the waist of a fourth craft two apprentices were deciding the merits of some question with the fist, watched by their elders. The

gentlemen upon the frigate's quarter-deck admired the young rascals' pluck, the ladies cried fie and refused to look, but looked nevertheless. "Oh, the naughty boys! Captain, can nothing be done to stop them?" Captain Wynyard thus appealed to opined that to fight was a trick of youth, and that a little blood-letting would make of them the better friends. The elder ladies sniffed, the young widow shook her parasol at the commander, "Captain, I fear ye have a hard heart!"

"On the contrary, ma'am, 'tis tender as your own, but what would ye have me do? put my frigate about to let ye scold a couple of naughty youngsters? But unless there's something amiss with my glass, there's nothing aboard this brig we are overhauling to offend the finest of female sensibilities. Look ye there, ma'am! 'cod, 'tis a show of wax figures. We'll see more of this. Port your helm half a point, Mr. Pratt; lay her alongside as near as may be without carrying anything away aloft, or knocking the tar off her sheer-strakes."

The noble frigate, a wall of painted broadside culminating in a pyramid of canvas, accurately cut, accurately set, and every cloth of it drawing, came up upon the brig's starboard quarter, the green seas dividing into white fleeces beneath her forefoot and hissing along her side, blanketing the smaller craft as she took the wind out of her sails. So well was she conned and steered that there was not a lady upon her quarter-deck but thought she could have tossed her glove aboard the narrow poop below.

"But what are the creatures doing?" asked Mrs. Hollinghurst of the tall, ruddy-haired Irish major upon her left hand.

"I've not the faintest idea, me dear feedy. I'd say they were sitting for their portraits, if such a thing were possible. Did j'ever witness such a

scene before upon the high seas, Captain? What explanation d'ye offer?"

"They remind me of the stone Buddhas one sees in the East; eighteen of them, and each as still as a graven image," remarked a small, nattily dressed man upon the widow's right (our friend Major Justin, none other). "The same fixity, the same abstraction. Will not one of them raise an eyelid? Ah, there's a woman among them; surely such an apparition as a King's frigate within reach of her hand will distract her attention! Ah! what——"

The ships were now at their nearest, a proximity only possible to the daring and consummate seamanship of the past. The frigate's approach had becalmed the smaller craft, which rode with hanging sails upon an even keel beneath the lee of the taller ship, every nook and corner of her decks open to inspection. Her steersman alone was standing, the rest of her company lined the poop bulwarks facing inward, seated upon water-casks, beef-tubs, the flemished coils of the main-halliard falls, or the deck-planking itself.

The spectators hung as far over the hammock-nettings as their respective heights permitted, the better to overlook the singular scene below.

"Mummies returning to Egypt by sea, ma'am," replied the First Luff to Mrs. Trigge's question.

"I suggest the Seven Sleepers broken adrift," observed the officer of the watch.

"Or a petrification of Noah's Ark," hazarded the Irish major.

"Or the Wise Men of Gotham at sea in a bowl," put in a midshipman in an undertone.

"Oh, do help me up a little, I can't see a bit!" cried Mrs. Hollinghurst petulantly. Both Justin and Boyle assisted her and were rewarded with impartial smiles. "Oh, thanks, both of you—most kind! This is better, how

singular! But what is he going to do? What is he doing?"

"Praying, ma'am," replied the captain, and men stopped speaking.

One of the bent, engrossed figures had removed his cap, had laid it upon the deck and set his knee upon it. The rest arose to their feet, uncovering. It was in the act of rising that Susan, the one woman in that silent company, raised her face and found herself looking into the very eyes of the Irish major, not fifty feet away. Her scream, a scream of ecstasy, shook the very hearts of all that heard it. There, so close to her arms, just across that narrow lane of water, was her husband! She sprang across the brig's deck, leapt upon a water-cask, and had a foot upon the very rail itself before Furley and young Chisholm could catch her by the skirts. "Con! oh, Con, dear! Let me go! It is my husband; yes, Major Tighe—my husband, I say!"

Piteous was her outcry, and in vain. As she wailed her appeal to it the crimson face peering down upon her purpled with passion, the lips blurted a curse and were gone. Major Tighe, or Boyle, had slipped to the deck behind him, and simultaneously the brig's sails caught the wind again, filled with a joyful clap and the little craft heeled. The frigate, by far the faster vessel, was passing, had passed, the water-lane widened apace, the show was over.

The quarter-deck of the *Paladin* buzzed, the gentlemen assisted the ladies to descend, the party broke up into groups, all speaking at once, all questioning. "Who was she?" "What did she mean?" "Whom was she addressing?"

"What brig was that?" asked the Captain of the officer of the watch, and learned that she was the *Mary of Yarmouth*.

"One of the Hippisley fleet, sir," added the Third Luff, "with a cargo of beer from Thrale's for the garrison.

"And that's Old Tom Furley, her master, the one in the wig who caught the lady's petticoat. I know him." He sketched the ex-gunner's story in a few bold strokes.

"Then it seems we have broken up a Meeting," smiled the Captain. "Let us hope that His Gracious Majesty won't hear of our misdeeds and take 'em amiss: he is supposed to cherish a weakness for the Quakers, God bless him!"

"Or the Quakeresses, God bless them!" muttered First Luff, and every one smiled, remembering that twenty-year-old story of Hannah Lightfoot and the susceptible youth of George.

"And whom was the creature addressing, Major Justin?" asked the pretty widow. "'Tis plain that she knows one of us; not yourself? Is it possible?"

"I should have said that she was looking more to your left, madam," replied Justin, innocently enough, without thought of consequences.

"To Major Boyle?—La! How jealous you men are of one another? Let us tax him with it—ask him for an explanation." The lady was mischievously bent at the moment, but meant no harm. "Major! Where is Major Boyle?"

There were others who were asking the same question. By a process of elimination, the Irishman remained the most probable object of the fair stranger's hail. But the Major was not to be seen, he had left the deck; nor, when he remounted the companion, a few minutes later, was he in the humor to submit to cross-examination, or to accept the pleasantries of the men in good part. Within the minute he had singled out the first lieutenant, drawn him aside, and given him to understand that he had said too much. There were curling lips, for the senior service will have its joke, and whilst hating quarrels, is not to be bluffed. No man,

whatever his record as a duellist, could stare down the whole wardroom of a crack frigate, and Boyle presently discovered that he had his hand in a wasp's nest, and was like to be the helpless victim of practical jokes for the rest of the voyage, just the traditional maritime ingenuities of men who had been midshipmen themselves yesterday, persons with nothing in this world to lose but their lives and their high spirits, possessions of which it was for the moment impossible to deprive them.

Scenes followed. Captain Wynyard, already apprised and watchful, intervened.

"I regret, Major, that it has come to this. No, don't interrupt me, if ye please, I am not going to explain, and, keep your seat, sir: I command here. As I was about to say, 'tis a rule of my service that where there can be no fighting there shall be no quarrelling. I need hardly say that there can be no fighting aboard my ship. . . . Oho! 'Near the end of an uncomfortable voyage,' are we? So I may take it ye propose prosecuting your quarrel at the Rock? . . . Let me tell ye at once, sir, that cannot be. If needful, I should feel justified in refusing shore-leave to my officers. 'That would not afflict ye?' No, but it would not be for more than a day, sir; for one word from me to His Excellency would prevent your landing at all. I have the honor of the Governor's good acquaintance, and happen to know the light in which he regards affairs of honor. Unless I am mistaken, ye are replacing a gentleman whom he broke for fighting, or who was killed in a duel, I forget which, but the story is well known; and I give ye my word that if Sir George got wind that ye had a matter of this complexion upon your hands he would not permit ye to join. 'Twill be close arrest for you, sir, and a passage Home aboard the first transport that sails. (Ye shall not ship with me.)

"Ye may spare your sour looks, sir; they will not deter me from my duty. Nor can ye quarrel with me, if ye would; but I think better of your judgment. Here is my hand; take it or leave it. If ye take it, I shall understand that ye have laid aside all disputes with my ward-room, and shall re-introduce ye to it upon that footing, and I'll answer for it that my officers will let bygones be bygones."

Boyle stared, bridling in silence and felt the blood pumping hard to his head, but was not sufficiently beside himself to make an enemy of the one man on board who wished him well.

Moreover, there is no arguing with a commander across his own cabin table; so the Irishman forced a smile, extended his hand, and the matter was at an end so far as the lieutenant was concerned.

But there were tongues on board the *Paladin* which her captain could not curb. The elder ladies laid heads together and proposed to probe the scandal upon public grounds. Major Boyle's attentions to Mrs. Hollinghurst were marked; they were obvious; he should be asked to clear himself before things went farther. He was loath, he was adroit, but was cornered at last, and by the redoubtable Mrs. Trigge.

"I give ye my wor'd, madam——"

"Yes, no doubt, sir; but we all heard ye addressed as *Major*——"

"I am not the only major on board, Madam."

"——and by the diminutive of your Christian name, sir."

"I did not hear it, madam."

"The rest of us did, sir; and, what is more, heard the young person call you her *husband*. Now, what may we understand by that?"

"That your hearing is defectuv, madam. To the best of me belief the young woman was addressing yerself, and her wor'd was *grandmother*."

"I thank you, sir; but if 'twas I who was addressed, why should *you* hide yourself behind the bulwarks and leave the deck?"

"Madam, I am no carput-knight, but a souldier who has made several campeens, and has near a dozen wounds in him. I do not make a song about thim, but a person of your eege and experience should know that such little mementoes have a knack—in a wor'rd, madam, me knee gave way at the moment, that's all."

"Sir, I commiserate ye"—curtesying; "but when a gentleman's knee gives way does he usually cry '*D—n the wench*'?"

Need one say that the ladies were dissatisfied with the Major's explanation? Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Trigge, as representing and embodying public opinion, declined to recognize his existence during the remainder of the voyage, and allowed it to be known that on reaching the Rock she would feel it her duty to institute inquiries. In the meantime Mrs. Hollinghurst, who had not personally caught the words "husband" and "Con," and who thought the behavior of the elder women inquisitorial and wanting in charity, was sensible that she was in the company and under the eye of the leaders of the garrison society whom it behooved her to conciliate, and grew absent, *distracted*, and circumspectly distant when next addressed by the offender; and—for she was of a sociable nature—increasingly affable to Justin.

Had the ladies known, there was unimpeachable evidence under their hands for all that they suspected. A cowed, ill-fed private of foot in the frigate's waist had witnessed the scene and recognized the girl, and knew well the meaning of her appeal, and to whom it had been addressed. This man, who had enlisted under the name of Wallet, had learned his goose-step at Hounslow, and had been shipped

with other details at Sheerness. He was, as his comrades knew, a person of education, letter-writer in ordinary to his company, but of the lowest spirits, and always thrown into a pallid sweat by the rare appearances in the waist of Major Boyle, whose eye he seemed totally incapable of meeting. The Major, by some chance, had not hitherto recognized him. As affairs stood 'twas to be hoped that no recognition would take place during the voyage. The man was not in Boyle's regiment, and would slip from under his hand upon reaching the Rock, but whilst he was upon shipboard was in the power of one who had few scruples.

Sue, meanwhile, hanging over the brig's gunwale with yearning, outstretched hands and passionately imploring eyes, beheld the frigate's quarter slide past, port after port, just beyond that narrow strip of sea-water which severed her from her husband.

Until that moment she had resolutely put from her the thought of deliberate abandonment; despite her aunt's sneers, the idea of betrayal had not effected a lodgment in her mind. She was a lawful wife temporarily parted from her husband by some inexplicable accident, and the sudden exigencies of his service. This recognition was the first staggering blow to her confidence. The man whom she had supposed to be in Gibraltar had plainly spent these past months in England, and near to her, so near at Falmouth, at least, that their ships had lain weather-bound in the same harbor. That Mr. Tighe had intentionally avoided her she could not think, her presence aboard the *Mary of Yarmouth* being known to few, but that he had sought her seemed more than dubious; that hot, angry face, startled and repellant, peering down upon her from over the *Paladin's* hammock-nettings, had spoken to her with awakening plainness.

Meanwhile the blue lane widened, the

seas crisped and broke between the vessels, the frigate, a tower of white sunlit canvas, swept ahead and lessened. Sue, weeping bitterly, hurried below.

Meeting "broke up"; the jacks went forward: Furley and Chisholm remained.

The men looked one upon another. Among the row of be-capped and be-bonneted heads topping the hammocks, Furley had recognized the bridegroom of that improvised marriage. That the man had deliberately deserted his wife of malice prepense he never had doubted. That he should be sailing in the same convoy showed the finger of Providence. But the matter was one which concerned the lady, and, less directly, himself as her guardian (under God)—an affair in which this young Scots officer had had no claim to intermeddle. The skipper spat overside to relieve a deep disgust, shut his mouth like a sea-chest, and said nothing.

But the other had seen what he had seen, and must naturally be conceded some liberty of comment.

"Eh, an' what'll we mek o' that, Maister Furley? 'Twass the big, reid Major sure enough; but what hass the man to do with our Mistress Tighe—or she with Major Boyle?"

"Boyle, d'ye call him, sir?"

"Assuredly, Boyle, the new major of the Hardenbergs sailing in the *Paladin* with reliefs for the garrison. Oh, I ken the shentleman weel; for why, I haf messed with him at Pendennis, and dined at the same table at private houses in Falmouth. Ou, and sin him here and there aboot the toun a score of times. Ken him? Ou, ay!"

"Boyle, d'ye call him?" pursued the master. "Are ye talkin' o' the same man? Would he be summut of a woundy, gret, red-faced up-standin' Irishman?"

"The fery same, ye hae him till a hair; it is Boyle tae the vara life; but

by what name did he pass wi' ye, sir?"

Furley's mind moved slowly, but with the sure-footedness of a blue-water seaman. The Major's action and Mrs. Tighe's behavior had aroused in young Chisholm a legitimate curiosity; unseasonable reticence upon his own part would root in this youth's mind the seeds of injurious suspicion. Besides, Chisholm and himself seemed holding the opposite ends of the same clue. He would speak out.

"He called himself Tighe on the night when he married the young 'ooman," said he: "I was called in to give her away. A fullish business yew'll be sayin', but she were an orphan; her folkse all dead; she lorst in Lunnon; throwed away, in a manner o' speakin'. He orderd marriage; there were a parson handy (mighty handy). I had my doubts, but there! It seemed better nor nawthing. I've got the lines upon me, so far as that goes.

"But the feller giv her the slip in Lunnon—cut cable and runned. We heered he were for the Rock garrison (I see the paint on his sea-chest). I couldn't do nawthing for the poor lamb at the time meself, being out of a berth, but Providence remembered the gal. I got my first ship, this here, a thing as I never dreamed on, and found her charter was for the Rock with beer (there's Providence again for ye!). so, naturally, I gives the young 'ooman a passage out, for she be mortal set on the man; and who be I to come atween 'em?"

"He will repudiate the whole thing, sure as deith. Did ye nottis the face of him?"

"And I thinks so tew, atween yew an' me; but he've got to repewdiate her and me and the paper, I tell ye. Oh, a dam clever feller, I 'lows; but yew'll see as Providence'll be one tew many for him yet, bor!" In the warmth of feeling at the moment, the strong ex-

pression passed unnoticed, and a curl of the wig was saved.

"Humph," mused the Scot. "I wuss ye weel, and the leddy; but in my opeenion the man is no' worth the chas-

ing. The lass—the leddy, I would say—is a warl too fine for him. Cot tam him!—and pless her!—Amen!"

Ashton Hilliers.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE, REAL AND FALSE.

The death of Professor Lombroso recalls, perhaps for the last time, a group of those false sciences which tempted the last half of the nineteenth century to eloquence. It is within the memory of us all that the rhetoric of Messrs. Huxley and Tyndall turned into a popular fashion that which in the hands of Darwin, the master of them all, was a serious inquiry. Science became for the moment a maid-of-all-work, a universal provider. Not only would it enlighten our minds, we were told,—it would save our souls. The world, grown sceptical, eagerly welcomed what it regarded as a new solace; and science, in revenge, arrogated to itself higher powers than had ever been claimed by the fathers of a despotic Church. To-day it has assumed a more modest demeanor. A fear of bankruptcy has persuaded it to look with suspicion into its accounts. Yet the habit of pride still clings about it. When it was proposed to celebrate in one ceremony the centenaries of Tennyson and Darwin, the men of science uprose in indignation. It was absurd, said they, thus to confuse the great and the small. Aloud they proclaimed the immeasurable superiority of Darwin, and recked not how strongly Darwin, in his wise modesty, would have rebuked their exaggeration. He, at any rate, would have remembered that Homer has outlived all the wise men of Greece.

And this fashion of science had another tiresome effect. It persuaded

a mob of industrious persons to describe as scientific such harmless pursuits as had no nearer relation to science than the gathering of pebbles on the sea-shore. Of these misguided ones none made a larger effect with smaller reason than Professor Lombroso. He set out to prove that crime is degeneracy, and that genius is a particular case of crime. He measured forearms and facial angles. He went about indefatigably examining heads. If he could, he would have treated the whole world as Charles Lamb treated the Comptroller of Stamps; he would have looked at its phrenological development. But he made the most of the opportunities which life afforded him, and he collected a larger mass of irrelevant and often incorrect observations than any man of his time. Show him a man lying under suspicion, and he could dispense with judge and jury. Crime was a disease which he could always diagnose, even if he could not cure it. And he overlooked the obvious fact that what he said was either a commonplace or an untruth. In either case it was not the material of a science. Long ago its statement and its refutation were crystallized into an anecdote. Thieving, pleaded a convicted criminal, is nothing but a disease. Yes, retorted the judge, but it is a disease that I am sent here to cure.

But if you would measure the full folly of Lombroso, you must turn to his treatise upon "The Man of Gen-

ius." No more irrelevant work ever crept into a scientific series. Its thesis is as absurd as its method. We have all heard that great wits are allied to madness. We have not forgotten what has been said about the *genus irritabile vatum*. No one, indeed, would deny that that rare bird, the man of genius, is not as other men are. He is more sensitive than the others; he is quicker of perception; he possesses a faculty of divination which no industry will impart; he skips with ease the intermediate steps in an argument, and leaps in a single bound to the right conclusion. His superiority of mind makes him sometimes intolerant of his fellows, and prevents us from following his artistic and intellectual processes. But for Professor Lombroso the man of genius was either a madman or a criminal. He discovered in him the same peculiarities which he detected in those unfortunate persons who inhabit prisons or asylums. And instead of confessing the plain incompatibility of his inquiries, instead of admitting that if the criminal and the man of genius seemed to be marked by the same stigmata, his investigation was at fault, he blundered along the wrong road, until he proved to his own satisfaction that no man endowed with brains had ever known the secure joy of sanity.

Absurd as was his thesis, it is his method which most clearly stamped him as an empiric. He is nowhere at the pains to explain precisely what he means. He does not define genius; he does not define madness; he does not define crime. If the term "man of genius" has any signification for him, it signifies no more than a man whose name has got into a biographical dictionary. Three-quarters of those whom he mentions would find it hard to prove the possession of a modest talent. But Lombroso marked

them all for his own, and detected in each some criminal defect of growth or character. Moreover, he collected his facts without the smallest discrimination. His book is the very rag-bag of science. It is made up of what the French journalist calls *faits divers*, gathered at hazard, and set down without test or trial. He seldom quoted his authorities—indeed there was no reason why he should. And, even if he failed in science, at least he threw a fresh light upon the art of biography.

For instance, he gravely tells that Pitt and Fox prepared their speeches after excessive indulgence in porter; that Alfieri could not eat on the day on which his horse did not neigh; that the Disraelis were both statesmen, and that Benjamin was born of aged parents, though his father was no more than thirty-eight at the birth of his illustrious son; that Milton avoided marriage, on the principle, we suppose, that the best way to avoid a danger is to meet it plump, since the biographical dictionary tells us that he was married three times. Sometimes his unconscious humor lifts him to the sublime. He gravely informs us, as a proof of Schopenhauer's lunacy, that that philosopher refused to pay his debts to any one who spelt his name with a double "p." At least there was some method in this madness. For exquisite simplicity, we prefer the story of Muratori, who, many years after he ceased to write verse, improvised in a dream a Latin pentameter. It is not every one who could do that, and the miserable Muratori is clearly proved crazy by this feat of "sommambulism." But the best specimen of the anecdotage which Professor Lombroso mistook for science was culled from an imaginary life of Lord Byron. "Byron used to beat the Gulcioli,"—we would not change a syllable of the Professor's account—

"and also his Venetian mistress, the Gondolier's wife, who, however, gave him as good." The last six words show Lombroso at his very best. Poor Guiccioli! Happy mistress! Criminal Byron!

The thread of argument upon which these pearls of biography are strung is fragile enough. Professor Lombroso enumerated certain qualities, which are shared by men of genius and degenerates. Therefore genius is degeneracy. And as the qualities, enumerated by Lombroso, are for the most part contradictory, it was the easiest thing in the world to prove everybody insane. A mad world, my masters! For instance, you may be tall or short, and criminal in either case. Excessive fecundity and complete sterility are equally the marks of genius and lunacy. If you are lean you have small chance of escape, though you may find solace in classing yourself with Gibbon and Balzac. A sickly childhood leaves you no hope of living in comfort as a middle-class pedant. If you are mute, you are mad; if you are verbose, you are mad; if you are plagued by excessive originality, you will not escape both the asylum and Westminster Abbey. On the other hand, if you suffer from that hideous complaint, *misonelism*, you will suffer in good company and assuredly your doom is sealed. Schopenhauer, for instance, disliked what was new so bitterly, that he did not approve of the revolution of 1848, and small blame to him. Frederick II. expressed otherwise his dislike of novelty. Though he inaugurated German politics, and wished to foster a national art and literature, there was one thing he would not do—he would not buy himself a new coat. "He disliked changing his coats so much"—these are the Professor's *ipsissima verba*—"that he had only two or three during his life." This was not parsimony but insanity,

and "the same may be said of Napoleon and his hats." If only the Emperor had bought a new hat, he might have won the battle of Waterloo. And still worse remains behind. Voltaire denied fossils, and Darwin did not believe in the stone age. Why was it, we wonder, that either of them escaped a strait-jacket?

How, then, shall we know the Man of Genius when we meet him? We need not consider his works, or mark his accomplishments. That would be too long and tedious a business. We must look out for a small, emaciated man, who suffers from rickets, and is of an exceeding pallor, and we shall know for a certainty that we are in the presence of a man of genius, or of one who is morally insane. To make our inquiry more precise, we should select those who have a cretin-like physiognomy, such as Rembrandt, Darwin, and Carlyle. Lombroso, it will be seen, did not trouble to flatter genius, and there is no reason why we should be more scrupulous. To be cretinous, however, is not enough. Our man of genius, to be worthy the name, should stammer like Demosthenes, C. Lamb, and Tartaglia, and should suffer from *mancinism*, after the manner of Michelangelo and Bertillon. It will also be found greatly to his advantage if he be submicrocephalic, oxycephalic, and plagiocephalic. If he can manage to distinguish himself in every one of these three directions, he will err in the very best company. Again it is well for an aspiring genius as for an ambitious criminal, either to be precocious, or to delay his development. That Lombroso should gather as many as possible into his net, he permitted his victims to be forward or backward according to fancy. He tells us that we may gauge the moral insanity of Dante by the shameful fact that he composed a sonnet at the age of nine.

After this we shall have no difficulty in believing that he wrote with his left hand and suffered from nystagmus. On the other hand, if we squander our youth in idleness, we may take comfort in the reflection that Sir Walter Scott, "who showed badly at school, was a wonderful storyteller." He also, *teste* Lombroso, suffered from rickets, so that his equipment was complete. But for those who would wear the crown of laurel or of rue, one thing above all is necessary—a love of vagabondage. The miscreant who lives in one place will assuredly die in his bed unhonored. Not for him the lofty scaffold! Not for him the Academic palms! The precedents, in fact, are all in favor of the wanderer. "Wagner travelled on foot from Riga to Paris." This may have been an expression of genius or criminality. Or it may have been to save a railway-fare. And Wagner is not alone in activity. "One knows that sometimes," wrote Lombroso, "at the universities, professors are seized by the desire of change, and to satisfy it forget all their personal interests." What do they lack—these restless professors? Is it hellebore? Lombroso did not trouble to explain, nor did he tell us how he would classify gypsies, sea-captains, and commercial travellers, who are not always either criminals or madmen.

And so Lombroso piled up the unimportant with an idle diligence. Milton, he wrote, composed in an easy-chair, Rossini in his bed. Poor things, they must have composed somewhere. Then in a tedious chapter he explained the influence of meteorology upon the degenerate. Sterne began "*Tristram Shandy*" in January, Voltaire wrote the first words of "*Tancréd*" in August. One chose one month, one another, and without the warrant of the facts, the learned Professor concluded that the hottest months and days have

always been most fruitful for genius. Such were the speculations preferred by Lombroso to the foolish tasks of historians, "who have squandered so much time and so many volumes in detailing minutely the most shameless exploits of kings." Truly, the earth-shaking facts that Byron wrote the Fourth Canto of "*Childe Harold*" in July, and that Rossini composed the last part of the "*Stabat Mater*" in November, with all that is implied therein for human destiny, throw into a cold obscurity the defeat of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo. Not even Lombroso himself perceived the truth in all its fulness, that the real repository of science is the almanac.

But so powerful is fashion that Lombroso has been acclaimed a master of science. The devoutest of his pupils has described him as "one of the loftiest phenomena of the nineteenth century." Well, the lofty phenomenon gave his life to the study of the highest and lowest, of genius and crime, of inspiration and madness, and he confessed at the end that he was unable to tell them apart. The contempt of genius, which underlies the inquiry, was explained, perhaps unconsciously, by Lombroso himself. "It is sufficient to be present," said he, "at any academy, university, faculty, or gathering of men, who, without genius, possess at least erudition, to perceive at once that their dominant thought is always disdain and hate of the man who possesses, almost or entirely, the quality of genius. . . . That is why at academical gatherings the greatest men only agree in praising the most ignorant person." We have never heard a sterner condemnation of pedantry, and we are persuaded to believe that if we applied Lombroso's principles to the members of academies, universities or faculties we should find them mattoids one and all.

That indeed, is the worst of such speculations as Lombroso's. They recoil inevitably upon the speculators. Lombroso, for instance, was neither man of genius nor criminal. He was merely an indefatigable professor, who pursued a fashionable study and had the trick of interesting the world. Yet it would be easy to discover in him all the signs of degeneracy. Few men were more precocious than he. At the age of twelve he published an essay on the "Greatness and Decline of Rome." He learned Hebrew, Chaldee, Egyptian, and Chinese while still a youth. The accident of discovering an obscure work by Paolo Marzolo made him a philologist, and thus ranked him with Cowley, whose poetic vocation was aroused by reading one of Spencer's odes, and with Watt, to whom a boiling tea-kettle suggested the steam-engine. It is plain that he suffered from that species of mania which has been called "monotypic," since he devoted the whole of a long life to the study of degeneracy. Like Newton, Buffon, and Mozart, he was the victim of amnesia. At the end of his work on "The Man of Genius" he declared that Galileo, Leonardo da Vinci, Voltaire, Machiavelli, Michelangelo, and Darwin were none of them insane; yet at the outset he had observed in each one of them the true signs of degeneracy. In brief, with Lombroso's method to help you might prove anything, and it is to be hoped that in the future no one will be hardy enough to claim the title of science for so idle a pastime.

As a criminologist Lombroso stood on surer ground. He was one of the first to turn anthropometry to a practical use. But in this domain also his love of vain theories and large generalizations led him into

error. The criminal type obsessed him as a man of genius obsessed him. He was sure that they were both degenerates, and, as we have said, he could not tell them apart. To declare that genius and crime are forms of disease is a mere juggling with words, and carries us not one inch along the road of detecting crime or cultivating genius. We cannot arrest a man because he has a primitive ear, an atavistic forehead, or an ill-proportioned forearm. And if we did, how should we know whether we ought to put him in gaol or on a throne? There is only one thing to do with a criminal if he refuse to renounce his favorite habits,—to lock him up, and if he prove irreclaimable, to keep him under lock and key. Sir Robert Anderson has told us that the few dangerous criminals that exist are known to the experts, as works of art are known to the connoisseur, and that if they could be isolated from their fellow-men, the world might sleep in peace. The truth is that great criminals are as rare as men of genius, and it is as idle to invent a type for one as for the other. Excellence is wayward, either for bad or good. It comes and goes as it chooses, and we shall be neither the richer nor the poorer for constructing theories and inventing types. And as for Professor Lombroso, we cannot but regret that he squandered his gifts of industry and comparison on a fruitless quest. "*Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*," wrote Horace. Mate the drunkard with the idiot, said Lombroso in effect, and you will arrive at the man of genius. Horace's theory is the pleasanter, as it is the more reasonable, and it is not shaken by Professor Lombroso's mass of incoherent anecdote.

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

A PHILOSOPHER'S PLEA FOR RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The arguments which this paper will set forth are not those which my own convictions would supply; but persuaded as I am that the banishment of religious instruction from our schools would tend to the degradation of the national character, and apprehensive that our politicians may be tempted to ostracize it, if only to protect themselves from the missiles of sectarian rivalries, it seems worth while to make an appeal to those who are anxious for the well-being of the community, but are not able to subscribe to the doctrines of any religious body, and to attempt to show that from the purely philosophic and agnostic point of view religion should be an essential feature in the instruction of the young.

Briefly stated, the reason (from this point of view) why religion beneficially influences the human character is that it powerfully stimulates the imaginative faculties. Be it not said that these faculties are of little practical account, or that they take low rank by the side of the intellect. It is his imagination rather than his understanding that has placed man above the brutes; the lower animals exhibit fewer traces of imagination than of reason. On the wings of his imagination man's understanding has been borne to the conquest of the material world; and to its flight he owes, specially and entirely, his conception of a pure and unselfish morality, and those feelings of sentiment from which have sprung the ideas of the home, the race, and the nation.

To men of religious convictions this reason will appear grotesquely inadequate; but these men do not constitute the jury to which this argument is addressed. Nor have scientific anthropologists generally recognized the imaginativeness of religion as its most

essential feature. To many of them its core seems to lie in ceremonial observances. M. Salomon Reinach has recently concluded that religion can be comprehensively and accurately defined as a "collection of scruples which check the free exercise of our faculties," and he finds the germs of religious feelings in the *fetish* and in the *tabu*. But surely this definition fails in omitting all reference to the supernatural; in ignoring the fact that the "collection of scruples" rests not upon human experience or human reason, but upon imagination—upon the apprehension, that is to say, not of things as they are, but of things as they might be. We may accept the finding that in the development of mankind the simplest and earliest fruit of religious imagination was the *tabu*. But the characteristic feature of the *tabu* is that it makes no appeal to experience or common-sense; it is purely arbitrary and unreasoning. Yet there are no tribes, however primitive or degraded, whose daily conduct is not to some extent influenced by rules that have been forced upon them by experience; certain elementary rules of sanitation, for instance, which correspond to the civil law of more advanced societies. Beyond these rules there are others, the stock illustration of which is the *tabu*, which owe their force to vague feelings of dread born not of observation or of suffering, but of the imagination. The characteristic feature of religion is, then, it appears, not the control it exercises over conduct, but the workings of the imagination which originate this control. Religion in its most primitive form is not merely a scheme of action; it is an imaginative scheme. Nay, more, it represents the highest effort of the imagination, since it rec-

ognizes existences and forces that lie altogether beyond the limits of human perception. It transcends in this respect fiction or poetry. For these, when unadorned by the supernatural, deal with incidents or situations each of which has come within the experience of mankind, and they exhibit the workings of imagination not so much in the creation of facts or emotions as in their combination. Taken by itself, each ingredient of a romance is gathered from life; the imaginative novelty lies in the mixing and trans-fusing of the ingredients. There is nothing new in the lover's embrace, or in any other thread of a love-story; the originality of the author is manifested in the process by which he weaves the threads together. But religion apprehends forces of which human experience can tell nothing; it creates the material of its imaginings as well as fashions it. Materialists may well be asked to explain whence have come the promptings that have led human imagination beyond the limits that are imposed by Nature. But this question has no connection with the present argument, which is that religion represents the most daring effort of the imaginative faculties of mankind, and that, therefore, its cultivation tends to invigorate those faculties.

"No man hath seen God at any time," and the human imagination in her quest for Him has sought for stepping-stones in the natural world around her. She listened for His Voice in the rolling of the thunder, and for the movement of His passing in the whirl of the tempest; she marvelled at His glory in the sun and at His power in the stirring of the deep waters; in pestilence and famine she felt the breath of His displeasure, and the imminence of His judgment in the shadow of death. This simple Nature-worship outlived in some cases

the childhood of the race; it sufficed for the Persians and Hindus at a stage when they were capable of hymning with taste and eloquence the pure brilliancy of the fire-flame, the messages of the winds, and the speaking silence of the sky. But, generally, the imagination of mankind was not satisfied with the vagueness of these conceptions; she pushed her way beyond them, and endeavored to realize the form and character of the gods whose hands were to be seen in the marvels of Nature. The appearance with which the Deity was invested by the Man illustrated the character of the Man's surroundings. To a Greek, amidst the brilliant scenery of the Eastern Mediterranean, a smiling sea embraced by gardens of vines and olives, hill slopes carpeted with wild flowers in scarlet, white, and yellow, green valleys framing visions of distant snow-peaks, suggested, above all things, beauty and gaiety, and forces which in their least friendly aspects were mischievous rather than malignant. Accordingly, to the Greek imagination the gods were beautiful, and their awfulness was tempered by a certain levity of disposition. To the Hindu very different images were suggested by Nature. The scenery at its best lacks the cheerfulness of Europe, and at its worst is a plain alternately rank with vegetation under drenching rain and scorched into desolation by a burning wind. Death waits close upon life. The serpent lying hid in the cottage garden; the tiger on watch about the village pasturage; cholera, fever, and plague; the sudden ruin of hailstorm or locusts and the blank despair of famine;—overshadowed by such evils, existence appeared to be an endless struggle with malignant influences. The Hindu gods are, then, imagined as monstrous and inhuman; the most popular of them all, the Great Mother, is depicted as a blood-

thirsty ogress, with glaring eyes, long, protruding teeth, and adorned with a trophy of human skulls:

Thou madest Death, and lo! Thy foot
Is on the skull that Thou hast made.

In such a struggle life may appear a burden rather than a privilege, and the despair of such a philosophy as that of Buddha finds in annihilation the only relief from successive miseries.

To those who sought the Divine in the workings of Nature ideas were material and worship was idolatrous. The revelation of the Divine will to the spirit of man was hardly to be imagined. Nature could only give hints in omens and auguries, and through the oracles that were associated with the beauty or wondrousness of certain localities. The *dæmon* of Socrates gave him check, but no impulse; was a warning beacon, not a star of guidance. But religion was still something more than an artistic or morbid imagining. The gods, irresponsible though they might seem, stood for some moral obligations—the observance of an oath, the protection of a guest. Precepts of morality, such as the laws of Manu, were enunciated, and although they represented not the outpourings of the inspired, but the saintly meditations of the devotee, they were accepted by religion and were endorsed by its authority. And religious sentiment bore flowers of poetry in the drama and epics of Greeks and Hindus.

Surrounded by idolaters, the Hebrews rejected idols and conceived of the Divine not as associated with any of the forces of Nature, but as existing apart from Nature—as, indeed, directing the world, but from outside it. God was not found in the earthquake nor in the whirlwind, but in the “still small voice” awakening the imaginative conscience. This conception il-

luminated the distinction between body and spirit which is so characteristic a feature of Judaism and of its historical derivatives, Christianity and Mohammedanism. The Old and the New Testaments alike declare that “God is a spirit, and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,” and this text expresses a deep conviction of Islām. Spirit can communicate with spirit, and God could reveal Himself to His chosen prophets. Through this transcendental conception religion has endowed the world with a definite code of morality, affecting intentions as well as actions, and resting, not upon disputable speculation but upon absolute authority. Moreover, under its influence religious sentiment has carried the human mind into the highest flights of exaltation, and has enriched human life with poems, such as the Psalms, the charm of which is not staled by time or shaken by the convulsive throes of human progress. Islām recognizes the gulf which separates Judaism from other religions of the ancient world, and groups Jews, Christians, and Moslems together within the pale, and within the law, as “People of the Book.”

It would be superfluous to dilate upon the inestimable services that religion has rendered to mankind in establishing standards of morality and in compelling their observance. Yet those who would banish religion from school-life can hardly recognize the indebtedness of human progress to religious ideals and sanctions. They may argue that a code of morality may be evolved by human reason. But the morality of religion is on a higher and more stimulating plane than the precepts of a school of ethics. It rests upon a more absolute and more stringent authority; but we may leave this advantage on one side. Its transcendent merit for the present purpose is

that it is derived from imaginative ideals, not from philosophic analysis of the motives of mankind, and is, therefore, simpler in its aspects, more elevating to character, and more fruitful of development. The preparation of a school manual of morality would offer no difficulty; the difficulty would lie in persuading the young that its maxims, when not enforced by the State, possess sufficient intrinsic strength to be a shield against the arrows of temptation. By its criminal law the State has effectively endorsed such precepts of morality as are of vital importance to the common good and are capable of being enforced by the police and the magistrate. It is generally recognized that the Indian Penal Code has affected very greatly the sentiment as well as the practices of the Indian people, and that a conscience has expanded under the menaces of the law. But there remains a multitude of acts and abstinences of which the law can take no notice and have to be blamed or banned by some other authority. It may be urged that the common good which has inspired our criminal legislation will afford a touchstone by which we can judge of the morality or immorality of conduct that has remained outside the law's pronouncements. But to this contention there are several effective replies. In the first place, there are a number of actions which cannot be connected with the interests of the community, except by reasoning that is too fine-drawn to be appreciated by youthful minds. How, for instance, can vanity or impurity be effectively judged from this point of view? In the second place, it may be argued that the individual has interests as well as the community, and that cases constantly arise where an immoral act will profit the individual very greatly, and be of such infinitesimal harm to the community that, if reason be the sole arbiter, the in-

dividual would be justified in putting his own advantage first and in committing it. Untruthfulness will offer a multitude of instances in point. The use of reason as a judge in this matter opens a door to private judgment: moral precepts appear capable of relaxation, and have not sufficient rigidity to withstand a strong temptation. If it be contended that man as a gregarious animal has in the fibres of his being a sympathy for others, which needs only arousing to be an effective impulse towards the common good, it may be replied that these sympathies are only excited by those in close contact with him, and that, on the other hand, a law of Nature, the struggle for life, drives him powerfully in the contrary direction—to take care of himself. Thirdly, the common good cannot without much stretch of thought be used to inspire prohibition against sins of will, such as jealousy or covetousness. We are concerned, be it remarked, with the young, who will not readily appreciate the requirements of ethical speculation. Secular moralists may take up a different standpoint—that morality can be justified from a selfish point of view; that, for instance, honesty should be practised because it is the best policy. This argument reminds us of Xenophon's anecdote of Socrates, that, when urging his disciples to act generously by their friends, he remarked that occasions often occurred when a friend could be more useful than a horse, and for a horse most men were willing to pay substantially. It may be contended that good actions give more pleasure than bad to him who commits them. But this, as a general rule, is quite out of accord with human experience, and would never compel assent from the direct simplicity of the youthful mind. The argument, moreover, rests upon ground which may easily become a slippery

path for the degradation of conscience.

It cannot, then, be expected that moral precepts which are derived by the application of reason to the workings of the world—which rest upon a purely natural basis—will ever inspire the young with those feelings of pride and confidence that alone will support them in the hour of trial. In such moments the only morality that stands firm is that which is built up on an ideal basis—which is founded not upon calculations of profit and loss, but upon a conviction that by well-doing we rise towards a higher plane, whereas evil-doing degrades and dishonors us. The higher plane may be a figment of the imagination. But man being an imaginative animal, its conception appeals to him. The imagined ideals of man need not be religious in the strict meaning of the term. The Stoicism which gave to the world the characters of Cato, of Seneca, and of Marcus Aurelius had no definite connection with the religion of the day. But Stoicism failed with the masses; it lacked sufficient illuminating strength. To produce the full brilliancy of its fervor the imagination must soar to the utmost limits of its flight, and must perceive that its ideals are not cold images of culture, but are the attributes of the Divine Power whose presence our senses and our reason are too limited to detect. So personified, however vaguely, our ideals are no longer mere points of guidance; they inspire us with feelings of awe, and with a sympathetic ecstasy which can be described as love. It is written, "*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*"; but also, "*Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*" The fear which hedges the path of religious duty keeps the eyes from turning to the temptations

that beset it on either hand, and compels the observance of rules which are too refined to be handled by the criminal law. But the chief virtue of religious morality does not lie in its compelling force. It lies in the ambitions that it inspires, in the earnest anticipations of those who press on, and in the regretful retrospects of those who fall behind—in feelings which, once kindled in the young,

Neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy.

And the crowning merit of its influence is that it affects intention as well as deed, and, by insisting upon its jurisdiction over our thoughts, clarifies the source as well as the current of our actions and renders us virtuous, not by impulsion or control, but by the ascending force of our own aspirations.

Not only has the imagination endowed us with our highest and most fruitful conceptions of morality: we owe to it the sentiment which, fragile though it may seem, is yet the strongest tie of human society. Sentiment may be defined as the imagination of feeling. Love, gratitude, respect, loyalty, are underlaid by instinctive feelings which we share with the lower animals; gratitude by the impulse to fawn upon a patron; loyalty by the desire to cling to a protector. But, sublimated and expanded by the imagination they lose all trace of their origin in self-interest, and unite to form an atmosphere of sympathy surrounding domestic, social, and political life. They contend even more effectually than the ideas of morality with the egotistical impulses of our natural selfishness, uniting interests which Nature seeks to divide, and tempering the struggle for life with thoughts for others. As with morality, these sentiments appear to have attained their

greatest potency only when infused with the ideals of revealed religion. Do we hear in the annals of Greece and Rome the strain of passionate sentiment which inspired the national life of the Jews? Rome displays scenes of stoical pride and endurance; in Greece a fervent, if narrow, patriotism offers to our admiration enthusiastic outbursts of national zeal. Both were shortlived, and can hardly be compared with the sentiment which, unbroken by memories of Babylonish captivity, defied the forces of the Empire and has maintained the individuality of the Jews through two thousand years of exile and persecution. That Themistocles, injured by his country, should have turned traitor to its interests is not so surprising as the calmness with which other Greeks accepted his shameless cynicism. A Jew is hardly to be imagined endeavoring to betray his nation. His name would have been anathema with his countrymen for all time. And it would appear that in India the Mohammedan "people of the Book" possess in respect to loyalty and gratitude something to balance the superior quickness and logical powers of the Hindus.

The history of civilized nations has, so far, ended in their decline and fall as they gained in material wealth and lost the vitality which is animated by enthusiasm for religious or national ideals. To the rich this world seems good enough, and when this notion becomes dominant it naturally banishes from the mind any aspiration for something better. "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven" and we are accustomed to accept the depraving effect of luxury as the inevitable cause of nations' decline. But, however wealthy a community may become by foreign conquest, by manufactures, or

by commerce, poverty has remained the lot of the vast majority of the individuals composing it; and if riches alone are the cause of decay, their influence would have been limited to a class, and would not have sapped the energy of the whole community. Hardship there has always been, and a rich community differs from a poor one only in the brilliance of the veneer which overlies the mass of general poverty. So long as the poor, amidst their struggles with evil, can retain an imagination of the good, can trust in the ideals which religion offers them, they form a reservoir of national energy from which streams of vitalizing force constantly arise to the richer classes above them. Inestimable has been the purifying effect on English life of Puritan convictions, of the "Nonconformist conscience." But if the poor follow the rich into the swine-pens of Epicurus; if they, dazzled by the brilliance of the restaurant, force their way in for a wild scramble for luxury, or turn in despair into the ale-house, then corruption strikes at the heart of the nation, and its fall is inevitable. Is there no hope that during the years of school-life young eyes may be trained to see nobler visions, and that these visions will not vanish entirely in after-life? that young brains may become used to realize that man has imaginings which rise above the pursuit of luxury and excitement, and which, if satisfied, render a life or struggle as happy and as dignified as the wealthiest ease?

Cannot America tell us something in point? Religion is shut out from the class-rooms of her national schools, and, however strenuous may be the educational efforts of religious societies, vast numbers of children grow up in the belief that in the doctrine of "getting on" is to be found the solution of life's difficulties, and that there is no room in man's stock-in-trade for

ideals or aspirations which cannot be valued on a cash basis. At the same time, American life, public and private, has fallen more and more under the fascination of the dollar; not merely do the idle prize riches as the means of an extravagant and ostentatious luxury, but the workers regard their attainment as the one solid object that is worth a struggle. Students of human nature in America, whether Americans or foreigners, are oppressed with a sense of growing materialism, and amongst them there are many who, from the standpoint of a philosophic agnosticism, regretfully attribute this weakening of the national character to the ostracism of religion from the national schools.

It may be urged that the eagerness with which wealth is pursued in America is merely the result of the opportunities for its acquirement that are offered by the abounding resources of the country, and that no educational effort could open out a horizon which Nature has cumbered by the prodigality of her gifts. But India offers us a striking demonstration of the effect of purely secular education in a country where riches do not abound, and where their pursuit has not developed much individual enterprise. In the last fifty years we have been taking pains to educate the youth of India, but have rigidly barred religion from our schools and colleges. Private educational institutions have naturally followed the curricula of the State, and with few exceptions have given no religious training. The numerous missionary institutions offer religion, indeed, but religion the adoption of which entails the cruellest sufferings of social martyrdom. Of India's two great communities—the Hindus and the Mohammedans—the latter have generally held aloof from our teaching, suspicious of its effects when divorced from religion. The former

have adopted it with zeal. We can on some accounts congratulate ourselves upon the fruits of our policy; a critical intellect has been cultivated till it often rivals the fine flower of European universities; and there are few who will deny that education has enhanced the respect that is paid to the more practical rules of public morality. This generation has witnessed a marked improvement in the honesty of the public services. But, on the other hand, we have undermined the religious belief of our students, and have given them little in return but such morality as is formulated in the Penal Code or is dictated by worldly experience and the fear of consequences. The brothel stands next door to the Bengali school or college boarding-house. Loyalty to the King, obedience to the teacher, respect for authority, are now judged from a purely logical, unimaginative standpoint, and are regarded, not as obligations, but as courses of action which it may or may not be advantageous to adopt. In fact, they are dissected into profit and loss accounts. A spirit of disrespectful self-assertiveness has invaded the home, and parents are loud in complaint of the mischievous influence of the class-room. There are not a few who now believe that the State would have done better, in the teeth of a host of difficulties, to have endowed religious teaching, and to have provided, amongst the expenses of each school or college, for the remuneration of religious teachers of the students' persuasions.

In the guise of religious zeal the fire of imagination has blazed out into cruel persecutions, has scorched vitality out of the human brain, has even dried up the springs of ideal morality. Man wings his way upwards only by a balance of forces, and any mastering current flings him back to the earth. Self-denial is good, but in excess it becomes

a barren asceticism; charity is excellent, but if imprudent it degenerates into a demoralizing sentimentalism. Imagination without understanding vainly beats the air; understanding

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without imagination pores short-sightedly over the ground. But our contention is not that one should supplant the other; it is that they should be cultivated together, side by side.

Bampfylde Fuller.

THE LAST ROYAL BULL-FIGHT AT SALVATERRA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF REBELLO DA SILVA.

Dom Joseph, the first of that name, was a King on a holiday during his stays at Salvaterra. The fact is, backbiters remarked in private that when His Majesty was in Lisbon he spent his whole time at the lathe, while the Marquis of Pombal occupied the throne. Their saying was founded on the mechanical skill of the Monarch as a turner, and on the dominating character of the Marquis as a Minister.

The country was growing green in the full tide of spring. Flowers covered the almond-trees, the woods were putting on their leaves, the meadows clothing and adorning themselves, while the breeze made merry, indiscreetly turning up the shawl of a passing maiden or robbing a kiss from the perfumed rose. Everywhere joys and songs—nightingales in the thickets, hearts in love, and nature smiling at the splendid sun which gilded it all.

A royal bull-fight had taken the Court to Salvaterra. On these occasions the nobles breathed more freely, for they were not so closely shadowed by the favored Minister. The bulls were wild, the horsemen dexterous, the amphitheatre imposing, and the train of ladies adorable. Every mouth laughed with pleasure, and to crown the good fortune, the Marquis of Pombal had remained in Lisbon, detained by a dispute with the Spanish Ambassador. The nooks of the palace heard tell in secret of the dialogue between the Castilian envoy and the Portuguese Secretary of State, and

while some praised the latter in a loud voice so that the echoes of the walls might repeat their eulogy, others condemned him without mercy to satisfy their hatred. The devout ladies and puritan nobles sided with the Spaniard and prayed God that the alarm of the coming war might cast down the ennobled plebeian, while the magistrates and men of law defended the Marquis and replied with half smiles to the fiery petitions sent up by the zealous partisans of the throne and altar. The Marquis of Pombal had firmly refused to yield to the concessions imperiously demanded by the Castilian Government. "Very well," put in the Ambassador, "an army of sixty thousand men will enter Portugal and make—" "What?" asked the Marquis smiling, with his formidable eyeglass placed in position and in the most indifferent of tones. "Will make His Majesty and your Excellency understand the reason and justice of the King my master" retorted the Spaniard, an octave higher, thinking the Minister would be thunderstruck. Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho contracted his brows, looked stern, and fixing his eyes and glass on the diplomat, replied coldly, "Sixty thousand men is a good deal for so small a house, but, God helping us, the King my lord and master will always be able to find room to entertain them. Abjubarrota was smaller, but it sufficed for those Don John of Castile brought with him. Your Excellency can give this reply

to your Government," and rising to dismiss the Ambassador, he added, "Your Excellency is well aware that every man is worth so much in his own house that, even after he is dead, it takes four men to get him out." The Ambassador departed, swearing by God and the Holy Virgin, and the Marquis prepared himself for war. Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho was a great Minister and did great things for the nation. To-day we Portuguese lack a man who will give the same straight answer to foreign threats. We bellow a good deal, we sleep heavily to the sound of patriotic hymns, and afterwards the Castle gives the morning salute and the fatherland is saved! The Marquis of Pombal esteemed the arts and protected and encouraged the middle class—what small progress the country made was due to him. If industries never got beyond their infancy, the fault was almost wholly due to the bad Governments which followed him, as well as to the people, who had no love for real work. But let us pass on to the royal bull-fights.

They were things which the Marquis by no means relished. He wanted to see men using the plough instead of the dart, and thought it better that *toreadors*, if they were noblemen, should serve the State with their pens instead of their swords; or if they were mechanics, should till the soil, and gain an honest livelihood, thus enriching themselves and the nation.

But though King Joseph yielded to the Marquis in everything else, he would not hear a word against the bull-fights, and in this he showed himself a real King and a true Braganza. The nobles knew it, and therefore enjoyed two pleasures which were sweet indeed: they satisfied their national taste and thwarted the will of the Minister. To be able to ignore it without peril and by the sovereign's agency, was for them a delight and a triumph.

Besides, the late severe sumptuary laws did not apply to these functions, which was one more motive for jubilation: whoever wanted to ruin himself with costly clothes, ornaments and headgear, could do so. Golden embroideries, velvets and silks, cut in the French fashion, blazed with constellations of pearls and diamonds, and the wavy ringlets of powdered wigs fell over the richest costumes and most beautiful colors. The ladies displayed the graces of their petticoats and big sleeves, and with their fair oval faces framed in capricious coiffures, smiled on the gallant champions, and their eyes, full of light and promises, gave spirit even to the timid. The curtains of the royal tribune are drawn back. There is an outburst of music. The King has arrived. A splendid company enters the boxes and an ocean of heads and feathers moves to and fro. In the arena, trumpets, pipes and kettledrums give out a sound of wild joy. The cavaliers appear, distinguished nobles all, having the stocks of their lances in their stirrups and their coats of arms embroidered on the velvet housing-cloths of their horses. The plumes of their hats bend down in tinted feathers and their swords in ornamented sheaths hang from superb belts. The *capinhas* and *forcados*¹ are gaily dressed in the old Castilian fashion. Ardor and enthusiasm light up every countenance. Among all the horsemen, the Count of Arcos struck the eye most. His garb of black velvet cut in Louis XIV style made his shapely form the more evident. The fine lace of his cravat and ruffles showed up on the collar of his cape and on his coat, and the embroidered garters at his knees let neatly out some puffs of the whitest lawn. The Count

¹ The *capinhas* play the bull with their cloaks. The *forcados* await his charge, and while one of them seizes him by the horns, the others assist their companion and hold on to his tail and flanks.

did not exceed the ordinary height, but was elegant and well proportioned and all his movements graceful. Perhaps his cheeks were over-pale, but they were animated by great expressiveness, and his gleaming black pupils cast such vivid and at times such amorous glances as to make him irresistible. A son of the Marquis of Marialva and the beloved disciple of his father, that is, of the best horseman in Portugal and perhaps in Europe, his noble and natural bearing drew all eyes to him. He and his steed seemed made in one piece and realized the image of the ancient centaur. The gallantry with which he traversed the arena, managing his fiery mount without effort, drew down long and repeated applause. At the third turn, compelling his horse almost to kneel in front of a certain box, he so moved a lady as to cause her to hide in her handkerchief a blushing face which would surely have revealed the innocent secret of her soul if, in an instant, rapid as lightning, any one could have guessed what was known to those two only.

After the youth had bowed to him for the third time the King smiled, and turning round said, "Why has the Count come almost in mourning to the festival?"

The combat began. It is not our purpose to describe a bull-fight; every one has witnessed one and knows from memory what the spectacle offers of note. We will only say that the race of oxen was a picked one and that the bulls fought with naked horns in the Spanish fashion, so that there was nothing to diminish the probabilities of danger or the poetry of the strife. Several oxen had already been dispatched; the gate was opened once more and a black bull rushed upon the arena. He was a true bull with long horns turned back at the points, with slight nervous legs—a mark of great

speed—and rapid sharp movements, a sign of immense strength. Hardly had he reached the centre of the circus when he pulled up; like one dazzled, shook his forehead, and, scraping up the ground in his impatience, lowed fiercely in the silence which had followed the clappings and shouts of the spectators. It was not long before the *capinhas*, leaping the barrier at a bound, fled from the alarming pace of the beast and two or three dying horses proclaimed his fury. None of the horsemen dared to go out against him. Suddenly the Count of Arcos, firm in his saddle, was seen to provoke the rush of the animal, and the flexible staff of his dart creaked and snapped as its iron point plunged into the muscular neck of the bull. A tremendous roar, an immense acclamation from the entire amphitheatre and the triumphant note of trumpets and pipes closed this brilliant feat. When the noble youth passed at a gallop under the box before which he had knelt his horse a little earlier, the small white hand of a lady let fall a rose, and the Count, bending gracefully over his saddle-bow, picked up the flower from the ground without checking his course, raised it to his lips and put it in his breast. Next, attacking the bull, who had become motionless with concentrated rage, he went round it, diminishing his circles until he almost put his hand on its haunch. The youth despised the peril, and being repaid, even if he died, by the smiles which his eyes stole from afar, he carried his darling to the point of making the bull's forehead shiver with the point of his dart. At this the animal hurled itself forward with blind and irresistible fury. The horse was pierced and fell, and the rider, wounded in the leg, could not raise himself. Turning on him, the maddened beast threw him in the air, waited for him to fall on its horns, and did not move away until it had

placed its feet on his breast and knew its enemy was a corpse. This terrible accident happened with the rapidity of a thunderbolt; the tragedy was already over before the echoes of the last applause had died away. A sudden silence, in which thousands of agonies were accumulated, possessed the circus. King, subjects, and ladies with half their bodies out of the boxes, gazed into the arena, holding their breaths, and immediately afterwards raised their eyes to heaven as if to follow the soul which was winging its flight thither enveloped in blood. When the youth, turning in the air, breathed out his life before he touched the ground, a sharp groan made up of sobs and weeping fell upon the corpse with a tear of fire. A lady who had fainted in the arms of other ladies had uttered that cry, the last cry of a heart as it broke.

King Joseph, with his hands before his face, seemed petrified and the Court accompanied him in his grief. But the drama was not ended. From his place the Marquis of Marialva had witnessed everything. He saw himself again in his noble son, and his eyes followed his movements and shone radiantly at each piece of fortune. As soon as the black bull came upon the scene, a cloud darkened the old man's countenance, and when the Count of Arcos advanced to plant his dart in it the father's features contracted and his vision became riveted on the dangerous combat.

Suddenly, he uttered a suffocated cry and covered his eyes, afterwards pressing his hands to his head. His fears had been realized. Both horse and horseman had rolled in the arena and hope hung by a thin thread. Death severed it rapidly, and the Marquis, now that he had lost his son, the light of his soul and the boast of his grey hairs, spoke not a word nor shed a tear, but his knees gave way beneath

him in a tremble and his tall figure bowed, bending under the weight of his excruciating grief.

After a few minutes had passed he came to himself again, and suddenly the livid pallor of his face was tinged with a feverish red, while on his forehead, which was bathed with a cold sweat, his rough dishevelled hair moved to and fro like bristles in the mane of an angry lion. The dark gleam of a wrath which accumulated all his irresistible eagerness for vengeance, darted momentarily but terribly from his dulled eyes. In an instant, his presence reassumed its majestic, erect proportions, just as if the blood of the youth he had lost ran in his veins. He put his hand to his side by instinct to draw his sword and then shook his head sadly—he himself had girt his son with that good sword on this very day which had been turned into one of eternal mourning for his house! Refusing to listen to anything, he descended the steps of the amphitheatre surely and resolutely, as if the snows of seventy years had not whitened his head. "His Majesty bids the Marquis of Marialva await his orders," said a chamberlain, detaining him by the arm. The old nobleman shuddered like a man awakening in a start, and held his interlocutor with maddened eyes which reflected in their concentrated brightness a fixed idea. Then putting aside the hand which stayed him, he went down two more steps. "His Majesty considers that this day has been sufficiently unfortunate already and does not wish to lose two subjects in it. . . . Does the Marquis disobey the King's order?"

"The King commands the living and I go to die," put in the old man in a rough but almost inaudible voice. "That is the corpse of my son," and he pointed to the arena. "He is there. His Majesty can do all save disarm a father and dishonor the white hairs of

the servant who has attended him for so many years. Let me pass and tell him that."

Dom Joseph had seen the Marquis rise and perceived his resolution. He loved the high qualities and proved loyalty of his Master of the Horse. He knew that he had never heard aught save the truth from his lips, and the idea of losing him thus was insupportable to him.

As soon as he learnt that the Marquis would not accede to his desire he turned white, shut his teeth convulsedly, and leaning out of his tribune anxiously and silently awaited the end of the catastrophe.

By this time the Marquis was already treading the arena, firm and intrepid like an ancient Roman in the face of death. Within his breast his heart was weeping, but his dry eyes burnt the tears when they welled up to burst through them. First of all he wanted vengeance. By an instantaneous impulse the whole assemblage rose to its feet. Terrified countenances and overflowing eyes expressed a tension of mind in which one feeling seemed to concentrate all. Let the old nobleman go. The grief that pierces him has no equal, the fire which lends him life and strength is that of despair. Let him go and on his knees! Hail to the majesty of misfortune! The anguished father knelt beside the body of his son and imprinted a kiss on his forehead. Then he unclasped his belt and girded himself with it, lifted his sword from the ground and ran his eye down the edge and double point. Next he arranged his cloak on his arm and put on his hat. A few moments later he was in the middle of the amphitheatre devouring the bull with flaming eyes and provoking it to the combat. Though pierced by such cruel emotions, his arm was firm and his feet were fixed in the arena as if an occult and higher power had sud-

denly bound them to the earth.

The circus fell into an icy terrible silence, so deep that even the beating of the Marquis's heart might have been heard, if the heart had been stronger than the will in that man of iron. The bull makes at him. Once and again and again he attacks him in blind rage, but the Marquis always dexterously avoids the shock. The beast's flanks pant with fatigue, foam fringes its mouth, its legs bend and slip and its eyes grow dull with weariness. The old man mocks at its fury, and calculating his distance, he frustrates all its blows without yielding a step. The combat drags on. The life of the onlookers is concentrated in their eyes. No one dares to move his vision from the surface of the arena. The immensity of the catastrophe holds all motionless.

Suddenly the King lets loose a cry and retires within his tribune. The old man was exposing his bare breast to the blow of the bull's horns, and nearly every one knelt to pray for the soul of the last Marquis of Marialva. But the exhausting pause lasted only a few seconds. Through the mist, which obscured their trembling pupils, the man was seen to advance against the beast, his sword shone in the air and, immediately after buried itself to the hilt in the nape of the animal's neck. A roar like thunder, and the crash of the gigantic body as it fell in the arena closed the last act in the tragic drama. The victory was acclaimed in a unison of shouts. The Marquis, whose knee had bent with the force of the blow, rose up whiter than a corpse, and taking no notice of those who surrounded him, he again embraced the body of his son, bathing it in tears and covering it with kisses. The bull lifted himself up and, tottering in his death agony, went to try the spot where he desired to die. There he drew his

limbs together and let himself fall lifeless beside the horse of the Count of Arcos. At this moment, the spectators, looking at the royal tribune, shuddered. The King was standing up and very pale and by his side was the Marquis of Pombal, covered with dust and showing signs of having made a rapid journey. Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho purposely turned his back on the arena as he talked with the monarch. It was his way of condemning the barbarity of the bull fight.

"We shall have war with Spain, Sir. It is inevitable. Your Majesty cannot allow bulls to kill your time and subjects. If we were to continue on this road . . . Portugal would soon be ruined."

"It is the last bull-fight, Marquis. The death of the Count of Arcos has made an end of them during my reign."

"I expect this from your Majesty's wisdom. You have not so many people in your kingdom that you can afford a man for a bull. Have I permis-

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sion to go in your name and console the Marquis of Marialva?"

"Go, you are a father—you will know what to say to him."

"The same as he would say to me if Henry were in the Count's place."

The King left his tribune and the Marquis of Pombal entered the arena in all the majesty of his tall stature, raised the old nobleman in his arms and said to him, in a gentle sad voice, "Marquis, Portuguese like yourself, exist to give examples of greatness of soul, not to receive them. You had a son and God took him. These are His lofty judgments! Spain declares war on us and the King my lord and master needs your Excellency's counsel and sword," and holding him by the hand, he took him away, almost in his arms, to where they put him in his carriage.

Dom Joseph I fulfilled the promise given to his Minister. There were no more royal bull-fights at Salvaterra during his reign.

Edgar Prestage.

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS.

AN AMERICAN HINT IN PATRIOTIC EXPRESSION.

On a hot summer's evening on the Fourth of July a little group of friends sat in a sloping meadow, watching the sky darken and the stars come out above the picturesque and far-flung peaks of the Presidential Range. Since sunset the day before, the sleepy old New England county town had been the scene of wild and noisy excitement. All day long, on the 3rd, the one store had been besieged by the entire male youth of the country-side, purchasing anything and everything that could be made to go off with a flash and a bang, whilst the girls laid in stocks of horns with which to contribute their share to the annual celebration. There had been a continuous hot spell of several

weeks. The shingled roofs of the wooden houses were so sun-dried they hardly seemed to need the stick of a rocket or a chance spark from a Roman candle to set them ablaze. Older residents expressed some alarm as to possibilities of fire, and looked to the ancient painted buckets of the original volunteer fire brigade, dating from the first quarter of the last century, and still capable of rendering useful service at a crisis, before the modern fire-engine could struggle up from the railway town in the valley below. A visiting minister, taking his summer holiday in the mountains, had even taken upon himself to appeal to the store-keeper to hold back his combustible

goods for cooler weather, to the intense indignation of all the youthful inhabitants. The only result of the protest had been that the officious stranger had been serenaded the whole night long by concerts of horns interspersed with interludes of fireworks. Nervous housewives had sat up all night, in the hope of detecting the first faint odor of burning wood, and giving the alarm in time. The select-men had gathered round the step of the store—the State was “prohibition,” and there was no more convivial meeting-place—to discuss the general situation, and be ready to deal with any features of it that seemed to call for interference. The sheriff got out his dark-lantern and patrolled the boarded side-walks, outwardly, a terror to youthful mischief-makers, inwardly, a prey to wild apprehensions as to what “the boys” might perpetrate if they caught him in a lonely block.

In the end, however, it had all gone off peacefully enough. The bell of the old academy—no longer the centre of higher education since the high school was built in the town on the main line—had rung out as cheerily as when it called the boys and girls of two generations ago to their studies. The horns had made night hideous, and the squibs and torpedoes had scared the bats and the night-birds without doing any more damage.

In the morning the village green had been the scene of a fiercely contested game of baseball—“Married *v.* Single.” The play was vigorous rather than scientific, but no spectators could have been more enthusiastic than the wives and sweethearts who gathered under a shady maple on the grass-grown platform round the only stone building in the village. Its tiny, heavily barred windows and great iron door survived to recall its original use as county gaol, when in the old days the wide coaching-road had run through the county town on its way along the broad upland

ridge. To-day all the traffic moves down in the valley where the long trains of cars go rambling north to Montreal and south to Boston. Prisoners are no longer kept in the old county town. Gay vines drape the uncompromising squareness of the stone walls, the shingled roof has been gaily painted, a gilded dome gives it an air of jaunty distinction, and the interior has been turned into a public library. It had made a charming background for the groups of women in their light summer dresses, and the solid walls were a good sounding-board for the alternate outbursts of “toots” from matrons and maidens, as they hailed the triumphs of their respective champions. As the day grew warmer and warmer, interest in the game had seemed to flag, and by twos and threes the spectators had sauntered home for “noon.”

By four o'clock the green was once more filling up. Wagons were driving in from the neighboring farms and being hitched to surrounding trees and palings. The audience, for the most part displaying a flag or the colors, took their seats on the benches which had been set under the maples in front of the old church. The four slender wooden pillars of the portico, the graceful lines of the pediment and the airy belfry, are said to have been designed by one of Wren's pupils. At the corner of the opposite block was one of the earliest mansions of the settlement, and beside it the low shanty which had been the office of its first lawyer. To the side of the church, another old house faced the green, and its display of American and Spanish flags betokened the residence of the local hero—one who had fought his country's battles and was well qualified to take a prominent part in the day's proceedings.

The band had driven up in a hay-wagon, decorated with boughs of birch and fir, and, using it as their band-

stand, played patriotic selections between the addresses which were delivered by the editor of the local paper, the Baptist minister, the local hero—an admiral—the Universalist minister, and that Episcopal visitor who had incurred the resentment of "the boys" by "butting in" to interfere with their fireworks.

The proceedings were opened with the solemn reading of the Declaration of Independence—a document it would do the British no harm to listen to now and again. It is enlightening to hear the epithets used to describe the conduct and character of "our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord, King George III," and to realize how the English of the eighteenth century—men, too, who prided themselves on being sons and upholders of freedom and lovers of justice—struck their contemporaries on the Atlantic seaboard. One has a lurking suspicion that the British character, as drawn in the vigorous language of the famous Declaration, read as it is in every American community on every recurring Independence Day, underlies the American view of Great Britain even to this day.

After this historic opening the audience had settled down to consider more modern aspects of the national life. The Admiral, smart and dapper in his white uniform, gave a bright little sketch of the progress of the Navy in his own times. When he had joined, the crews had been almost entirely recruited from foreign-born men. It was so rare to find a really English-speaking sailor, that a bo'sun, who was a bit of a wag, had once nailed on the mainmast the notice, "No English spoken aft of this." This was all changed now; the Navy had grown, and was taking a more prominent part in the public eye; the Glo'ster fishermen were coming in to the Service, and the American people were beginning to realize that even for a Continental

Power the future lay, to some extent at least, on the great waters. He had ended with a capital description of "the Fourth" on board a war-ship, the discipline and executive control of which seemed to grate on the nerves of the Universalist minister, whose really fierce oration had been a masterly exposition of the text, "It is better for a man to misrule himself than to be well governed by any one else." The speeches on the Fourth of July are a valuable opportunity for airing political views, which the near approach of a Presidential Election does not render any the less acute. The speakers vied with one another, not only in singing the virtues and glories of their native land, but in expressing that horror of "Socialism"—i.e., central control of corporations—that dread of the overweening influence of any one individual—President Roosevelt has been publicly alluded to as "Theodore Rex"—that anxiety lest more centralization should mean the encroachment upon jealously guarded State-rights which seem to constitute the most cherished convictions of the good Democrat.

After the whole assembly had joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," it adjourned to the side of the church, where public-spirited ladies had provided lemonade to refresh patriotic throats. As the horses were hitched to and the children packed into the wagons, some kindly spirits sought out the one Britisher present, evidently fearing she might be feeling a bit badly. "I was just tickled to death," the Admiral's wife had remarked, "to see you sitting here listening to the old Declaration. You just mustn't take it to heart, you know. We like the British all right now, I guess." "You mustn't think we bear you any ill-will," another friend added. "What that Declaration really means is that our two countries are at peace now and they're going to remain so."

The afternoon had closed with one last, more intimate act of celebration. In the old home of the family that had given its name to the town, hangs, amongst other old-time relics, a musket which has been fired with much ceremony, and some trepidation, every Fourth of July since 1775. That memorable year it was not used. When the levies were called out its owner had shouldered it, only to have it refused by the colonel as too old-fashioned and dangerous to be carried against the enemy. The valuable old flint-lock, had, indeed, been imported in 1689. At the present day, every "Fourth," as it recurs, is expected to be its last. It is given a very small charge, and the trigger is pulled by a string from a safe distance; but year by year it flashes out its defiance of British tyranny, consoling itself may-be for the forced inactivity of the actual war years.

When this formidable weapon had been duly discharged the last "stunt" of the day was over, and the firing-party retired to the meadow to cool off. The stars sparkled in the clear sky, and the fireflies flashed about the bushes, when one of the group embarrassed the Britisher by asking, "What are your national holidays?" It was terribly humiliating to have to confess that we had none; that Bank Holidays had no patriotic associations; that the King's Birthday was purely a matter for "the Services," and that well-meant efforts to introduce Empire Day celebrations met with callous indifference even where they did not encounter active opposition. The faint expression of astonished incredulity on the face of the inquirer, coming after the varied impressions of the day, brought home once more, to the Britisher, the conviction that John Bull and Cousin Jonathan have grown very far apart from each other during their two-and-a-half centuries of independent life. It is so

natural to Jonathan to seize the psychological significance of a commemoration, and to run its social and ethical opportunities for all they are worth; nor does he feel ashamed to express his emotions, or to call upon his fellows to share them. In his vast country, where the enormous distances and new conditions, make for untrammelled individualism, he delights in association of all sorts and for all purposes. He rejoices in objectifying latent forces and inspirations. Students are initiated into "Fraternalities" with secret rites, and hold high festival at stated intervals. Aristocratic tendencies embody themselves in the Society of Colonial Dames; Democratic, in that of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. The Civil War works out its inner meaning through the League of the Grand Army of the Republic. The birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, the Father and the Saviour of their country, keep before the whole school population the things those heroes stood for.

With John the case is very different. If he does happen really to experience an emotion, he is very unwilling to express it in public, and he is very apt to pretend that he does not see anything to make a fuss about.

Perhaps, forced to live at such close quarters, the individual finds his only safeguard in resenting all attempts at close social action. Perhaps, again, the past has been too full to admit of the selection of national heroes or national events which should really sway the sentiment of the whole people. There are enthusiasts who place wreaths on certain monuments on special days, but the crowd takes no notice, or passes with a grin.

On the whole the balance of advantage seems to lie on the side of the festival. It was a true and deep instinct which preserved the Hebrew Passover and set the Hebrew children

asking generation after generation, "What mean ye by this service?" Reserve and economy of emotional expression is good, but emotions which never find expression are not likely to become strong sentiments, the motive power of heroic action.

To American thought the festival lends a desirable charm and significance to life, and is specially valuable in its educational influence upon the young. In the public schools, Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, Arbor Day, Memorial Day and Thanksgiving are widely commemorated. Their gaiety and associations are not excluded even from the reformatories. "It is by these commemorations," says Mr. Percival Chubb of the New York Society for Ethical Culture, "as by nothing else, that we can feel in the young those emotions of admiration, reverence, and love which are the fundamental forces in education as in life. It is thus that we can develop—unconsciously, of course—that underlying consciousness of kind, of human solidarity, of co-operative unity, which may offset the crude and narrow individualism that everywhere menaces us."

Of all national holidays none is more distinctively and delightfully American than Thanksgiving Day. It was the first spontaneous social expression of the feeling of the whole community, and such to a great extent it still remains. Christmas Day was one of the Popish superstitions put down by Puritanism and has only taken its place once more in Protestant Churches as the old fear and hatred of Rome have subsided. The associations of the English Harvest Home were not such as the Pilgrims would wish to preserve. In the middle of November, when the crops have been gathered in, a national commemoration combines the home and family note, characteristic of the Old-World Christmas, with

the religious aspect of the Harvest Festival; raised now, by the President's message, from a merely local and agricultural to a national significance. In the third week of November, a Proclamation is issued jointly by the President and the State Governor, calling on all citizens to return thanks for the mercies vouchsafed to the nation during the past year. The Roman Church alone, it is said, holds aloof from any public recognition by some form of Divine Service, and in every home, absent members and lonely neighbors gather round the festive board. Even the "stranger within the gates" will surely find some hospitable acquaintance who will not suffer him to be all alone on Thanksgiving. The continuous celebration since that first terrible autumn, when only the discovery of an abandoned Indian store of grain had saved the community from starvation, renders it instinct with historical association. The roast turkey and cranberry sauce speak of the freshly exploited resources of the new home. The pies—mince, apple and pumpkin—recall the festal fare of the old country. Conversation flows naturally in the direction of the past. Some one in the party is sure to have had a Pilgrim ancestor or to be descended from the last survivor of an Indian massacre. Local legends and history carry thought back to the first days of farm or town-ship. Stories of the Civil War and the Colored People and the Immigrant raise national problems and surmises as to what may take place before next Thanksgiving.

In church the preacher will base his discourse on the Presidential Proclamation. To American ears it may read as a "noble and modest utterance," but the "stranger within the gates" may perchance smile at this description when he gets hold of the day's paper, and finds that the nation is represented by the man in the parable to whom ten

talents were entrusted. The President might have his misgivings on some points, but on that, at least, he would lay his bottom dollar. On second thoughts even the stranger may come to the conclusion that simple downright recognition of facts is better than a false modesty which blushes to state the convictions it cherishes most firmly.

There is, after all, something very striking and attractive about these truly national holidays, bringing the same message to the smallest shanty as to the White House itself, initiating the child and the newly arrived immigrant into the fuller knowledge and appreciation of their glorious heritage.

It may be impossible to evolve, to order, fit occasions for the expression and deepening of the national self-consciousness. Christmas and Good Friday, where still observed, have lost their religious significance for those for whom they are merely holidays, and it would seem undesirable to most of those for whom they are still "holy-days" to confuse them with anything extraneous, even if of a national character. The

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Bank Holidays are mere cessations in the constant weary round of toil. They bring no message beyond that of rest and enjoyment. The associations they accumulate are purely individual. Perhaps an arbitrary and artificial selection of suitable turning-points in the nation's history, of certain of its noblest heroes, would have defeated its own object. But unquestionably the people are the losers. The saints in the old calendar led lives too remote to be the inspiration of the masses of the modern world. The great figures of our own nation remain unknown, and no national holidays keep in the public view the lessons of the great historical anniversaries which mark turning-points in man's advance along the centuries. In the glare of local interests and the clash of party strife there is little opportunity for rousing the thought of the nation as a whole, whilst those who speak of that wider nationalism, which must include overseas Britain if the Empire is ever to rise to its high destiny, remain voices crying in the wilderness.

A. Georgette Bowden-Smith.

THE ART OF LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

If "life requires an art," it requires it much more in the country than in towns. We do not mean the art, which may certainly be acquired by any one, of understanding the ways of birds and beasts and flowers, but the art, infinitely more difficult, of getting on with one's fellow-men. We are thinking in particular of the relations of well-to-do newcomers in a district with the established population of poorer people. The newcomers have arrived, as it were, by right of conquest—the conquest of a longer purse—but they have to placate the affections of the people over whom they hope in a sense

to rule, every bit as much as he who conquers a country by force of arms has to win the consent of its inhabitants to his administration. The villagers, even though several of them may have been settled there but a short time, have an employment which explains and justifies their presence, and actually associates them with all the past history—in a word, with the genius—of the place. They are there for an obvious reason, and consequently enjoy a rational membership in the community. But the newcomers who have taken the "Hall," the "Manor," or the "Lodge," have no clear

justification for being there except their own act of volition which may or may not be rightly open to suspicion. At all events, it is necessary that they should prove that their motives in connecting themselves with the district are good and sound. If they follow their business (hunting or shooting being, of course, indulgently recognized as a serious enough business for the ordinary purposes of life) in a proper manner, going their own way and letting other people go theirs, then they will be accepted in the district eventually as worthy inhabitants, who at least mean no harm; but if not, they will be scarcely tolerated. It should be understood that the newcomers are on probation—a probation imposed from below by persons who seldom undergo it themselves. It is a wholesome and stimulating condition this, that esteem, or even tolerance is not a purchasable commodity. The property may be bought at Tokenhouse Yard but the “goodwill” of the people does not go with it, and must be created afresh by each proprietor. The new proprietor may suppose that the respect of the people should be his at once, and that if it be withheld it is only a proof of boorishness; but his assumption—nay, presumption—is in vain. He may buy everything else, but he must earn that.

For the poor people of the country are undoubtedly suspicious. Before one begins to understand them one must recognize that this suspicion is not a want of manners so much as a natural protection. It is the open signal, for one thing, that the intimacy which is not easily bestowed is worth having. In theory a Fellow of a College is not *verus socius* till his year of probation is over, though readers of Sir Frederick Pollock’s verses may remember that the new Fellow was held to have satisfied the necessary tests because the College cat displayed very

friendly feelings towards him. He had found a short cut and became “a *verus socius*, known to all,” because “accepted by the cat.” Country people in requiring a like probation before a newcomer can be regarded as *verus socius* no doubt have at the back of their minds a sense that they belong to a close corporation of a similar kind. We have heard of a lady who came to live in the “great house” in a certain district and was shocked at the manners of the people. The women did not curtesy—which was perhaps explicable, for the fashion dies out even where squires are thickest—but the men did not even touch their hats. She called their unreadiness to pay their respects sullenness and wilful rudeness. Never had she seen such manners! Her strictures, freely expressed, were passed from mouth to mouth, and it became impossible for her to create a “goodwill” in that district. A more sagacious invader would have understood that the process must be gradual. It is almost like the disagreeable process of entering a full railway carriage; you are looked upon with positive hostility till you have insisted on forcing your way into a seat, when after a few moments you understand that, by some tacit agreement, you have become part of the garrison which you are loyally and acceptably helping to keep out further intruders. Bacon has said that “suspicious are defects not in the heart but in the brain.” If this truth were grasped there would be less resentment against the backwardness of poor people to meet generous advances. “There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little.” Villagers are suspicious in more complicated as well as crasser ways than townspeople are; in towns the more romantic forms of suspicion, as they might be called, are dulled by experience; they are worn away by attrition,

—in the process of rubbing shoulders with the multitude. There is more mystery in the thin populations of the country, perhaps, because there is more time for contemplation, for following clues to their conclusions without being disturbed. The lowing of a cow or the crowing of a cock is less distracting to an inefficient intellectual apparatus than the flashing sights of the streets or the roar of the motor-buses. The whole point, then, is that the newcomers must be known and understood before suspicion can be lulled. They may be bountiful and friendly from the beginning, but unless they are plainly understood they will be treated as the five little children and the "Quangle-wangle" who went round the world were treated by their relations when they returned—with "affection mingled with contempt."

A counterpart of suspicion is secretiveness. If the villager or cottager had the easy habit of telling you all about himself, he would have already handed you the keys of his citadel. He knows better. He makes a mystery of which way he will vote at the election, not because he is more scrupulous than yourself in observing the theory of the ballot, but because to appear to keep his judgment in suspense is to acquire a sense of power. It is his secret, not yours, and it is a secret of some moment. Similarly, his wife opens a mere crack of the door when some one knocks, and holds the door so till she has examined the person, not because she is constitutionally inhospitable, but because the *penetralia* of her home are not for all eyes. The interior is her secret. Again, secretiveness prevents the countryman from revealing the exact degree of his pleasure or gratitude. If you offer him a job which it has long been his ambition to have, he says: "I don't mind obliging"; or if you invite him to eat or drink, he says: "I

don't mind if I do." No doubt all this merges in the just habit of remaining independent. Cobbett said that to be poor and independent is very nearly impossible. We think he was wrong. Anger, as some one has said, makes a man poor, yet it is obvious that anger is frequently indulged in on that condition. A laborer "throws up his job"—only too often—because he is offended or cannot refrain from the satisfaction of "having a go" at his employer. Another proof of independence among poor countrymen is that they are so far from expecting bounty from the rich that they are not easily persuaded that it is given free of all stipulations or motives. They suspect some kind of a deal. "Narthen for narthen," as they say in Essex, is a regular, almost a proverbial, principle of their life. Yet the poor may completely and unexpectedly surrender their hearts to the author of an act which is agreeable to some complicated and delicate section of their ethics. Mr. Kipling has perceived this, and makes use of the discovery in his new book in the deeply moving episode of the American lady who wins the admiration of the village by her vigil by the dead body of the old caretaker.

Just as Mr. Kipling fancies there is a law of the jungle, so there is a "law of the land,"—the "land," we mean, in the special sense of landed property. It is only natural that those who have long lived on the land, whether as employers or laborers, should understand that law, while the newcomers, who have not inherited the same experience, are completely baffled by it. It is an unexpressed, implicit law, and if you asked those who abide under it what it is, they would probably be unable to say; but its existence is proved because any of them would know by instinct when it had been transgressed. Townspeople who are never on the land, except to visit a hired "shoot," or

to spend Saturday to Monday in the houses of others, can hardly hope to get to the bottom of it. The phrase the country gentleman uses about "our people" may have a sound of undue proprietorship, but more often than not it embodies a triumphant fact,—the existence of a complete polity in which there is mutual understanding and respect. After all, do not the country people say "our squire," "our parson," or even, maybe, "our Duke"? The intimacy and confidence, the absence of all suspicion and suspicious restraint, between the villagers and their employers in such a polity is one of the most valuable of the mutual social influences in English life. What a strange reflection that in these progressively democratic days so many of the rich newcomers to the land should be less democratic than the older owners! We have heard lately of the resentment of an old fell-side farmer in Cumberland at his treatment by some of the rich invaders, who were evidently very far from creating the "goodwill" which no doubt they desired. There was not a house in the

The Spectator.

old days where he was not welcome to enjoy the universal license of a hunting morning, and have his breakfast by the side of the best in the county. To-day he has to wait till the more important friends of his *nouveaux riches* hosts have been regaled in the sanctity of their own society. In the same way, the old-fashioned landowner probably dislikes poaching every bit as much as the rich man who has bought the big place next door, but his conception of it is tempered by his knowledge of the "law of the land." To him it is, at all events, a very intelligible crime. On the whole, we fancy that the poor people of the country have more art in their life than their brothers in the towns. To feel what that art is, rather than to have its rules by rote, is the task before the rich invader. If he falls in the long run, he has himself missed the art of living in the country. He may play at the country life, like Marie Antoinette and her friends in their spick-and-span hamlet in the garden of the *Petit Trianon*, but this performance will be the shadow and not the substance.

THE TEST OF CHARACTER.

Novallis says in one of his writings that "character is fate." But if we trust the testimony of our own consciousness the reverse is the truer view, for we are unconscious of being dominated, in the myriad acts which sum up our destiny, by any power except that of our own essential being. The conviction is present to everyone that what he does and has done he must have done only because he is what he is. In this way character is a universal attribute, for no two men are alike; but in ordinary speech the term is applied only to certain individuals who stand further apart from the

"average" man, i.e. to men who resemble their fellows less than the great majority of men. So far the face value of the word character holds good; but in effect we use the term in a subtler fashion. In general we say men have character when they manifest inconsistency in their actions, when they cannot easily be estimated, when they refuse to be reduced to exact and precise definition; and the common practice on examination proves to be based more deeply than at first sight appears. For character really means life—the fulness of life. Not the mere murmur of the brook on its way to the sea, calm

and peaceful, stirring no rocky bed with the roar of its strength, stirred by no troubled winds, gleaning nothing in its uneventful course. It is rather the impetuous mountain stream, waking echoes among the hills as it wends its impetuous way, bearing the flotsam and jetsam of many places.

It is not regular, orderly, and generic. Life only wins these attributes by the sacrifice of all its vigor. The subtle charm of character, the suggestion of unplumbed depths, comes from being fully awake to the multiplied influences around, receptive under all the varied experience which flows in and over and through our daily life. While life exists there can be no pause. Fresh experience is continually flowing in through the avenues of the mind, and the process of unifying and assimilating is, consequently, never complete. It is always several steps behind. The more fully alive a man is, the less is he able to keep pace with his experience. Obviously the perfect thing would be to be thus awake and receptive and able to cope with lights and sidelights and shadows as they come, to be able to assess them rightly and fit them into a broader synthesis. But from the nature of things this can never be. A brave, unified, and coherent front may be preserved by shutting our eyes to many things, by a refusal to see the antinomian sides of life. Under the play of these incompatibles a violent effort is necessary to complete assimilation, and it is thus that revolutions must have their place in the history of a man's, as of a nation's mental growth. Revolutions of this sort are akin to the crises in a fever, which mark not destruction but the casting forth or the dominating of destructive influences. They cast forth the noxious and venal elements, but gather together, in the throes of settlement, all that past healthful life has gleaned of strength or vigor. They are efforts to

assimilate and to be assimilated to the new truths while the old ones and those of yesterday are but in the anteroom of the mind. In time the sharp corners of the stones of the seashore are worn off by the wearing of one against another, and so the incompatibles of experience, crushed one against another, are at last woven into the texture of life.

Symmetry and uniformity are not the marks of any true life. Every living thing changes its shape continually, and this, in spiritual growth, is not the same as the growth of a youth to manhood. Physically men are of one species. To a certain extent, we can predict what sort of man physically a given boy will develop into; but we cannot predict what he will do and think. Each man is mentally *suac speciei*—a species apart. Every second of conscious life brings food to his mind, which while he attempts to assimilate tends to develop him in one direction or another. Not that disorder is a note of Nature. Nature is obedient to law and order. But where order must be handmaid of experience, the unfailing flow of the latter renders it impossible that the work should be ever complete. Order, or rather the attempt to reduce to order, is one of the functions of mental life, but so also is docility to experience. And hence regularity and symmetry of development are generally the symptoms of the lifeless, of starvation or stuntedness, not by force of any inherent necessity, but because man is not an ideal but a real living and not perfect being.

Leonardo da Vinci describes the human soul as a "vague shadowing forth of infinite depths, a calmness suggesting unutterable passion, a being with certain surroundings, dwarfing everything around by perpetually recalling the superiority of the self-summed human soul." All this is more truly said of character, since it is the full

possession and expression of the soul! It is a "vague shadowing forth" since the images of all its surroundings are continually thrown upon it—one confused with another too rapidly succeeding. The depths are infinite. Each time we attempt to sum up and classify him who possesses this elusive quality we find that there is a certain residuum which is suggestive of further depths that remain unfathomed. We feel that, at the last, we do not know him. These are deeps indeed, and infinite ones! Calmness and passion—incompatibles coming from the centre whose function it is to labor under the play of them—a token facing in opposite directions which, by this very fact, bears upon it the stamp of Nature's workshop, where trim classes exist not, where truths overlap and merge into, and seem to deny other truths, and all things can bear the opposite explanation. Calmness and passion! The calmness of unity and strength, and the passion of division and variety. The suggestion of passion without giving vent to it, self-possession and reserve force. It is magnificent to be capable of great passion, more magnificent to hold a power sufficient for its restraint. A being with certain surroundings, yet dwarfing all by recalling its superiority. Here we have returned to the sentiment with which we began, and fate becomes character.

Leonardo himself fully exemplifies his own description of the human soul, or that strenuous life of it which we have called character, for a dwarfed soul is commoner than a dwarfed body. Maker of songs and music and models from his earliest youth, setting captive birds free, delighting in curious draperies and fine horses, Leonardo would *seem to fall into line as one of Nature's artists. Yet we find him, after winning fame in this pursuit, instructing a patron in the art of war, and, called to Milan to model a statue, travelling

as a harpist on an instrument weirdly fashioned in silver by his own hands. Two beacon stars lured him, the desire of knowledge and the desire of beauty; and, hence, he is now surrounded by his vials and furnaces, drinking in the curious lore of his day, now alchemist of color, contriving effects of wondrous beauty and grace. Anon we find him in the useful guise of chief engineer to Caesar Borgia, and later, artificer of toys that seem alive, made from wax and quicksilver. There seems no unity in his life, no stability; it runs through his fingers like the money he could never keep and the homestrings he could never hold. A strange bird of passage, full of the light and mystery of life, drinking at many and distant fountains, resting in many places, but rarely for long. Stray threads of his life he left in all he wrought, and his fascination with all he met; for men ultimately conquer and charm by character, and not by any gifts of intellect, however high, though commonly they go together, as in Leonardo.

Another example, in some respects better, of strongly marked character may be found in S. Augustine, whose *Confessions* are for all time a human document of priceless value, full of strange contradictions, such as his eager and unquestioning pursuits of things evil and his curiously overwrought remorse over the robbery or an orchard. He is unusually strong-willed, and yet he lives with a set whose actions he "ever did abhor." The inconsistencies over the greater part of his life were the outward expression of warring and contradictory impressions gleaned in his full and strenuous youth, and these he caught up into a broader synthesis towards the end; but the simplicity and trimness of his life was only obtained by schooling his senses to repression, by closing up the avenues of the soul to the thronging scents and sounds of the world's

highway, and then his life became narrow and stunted, however praiseworthy morally. A garden boasts its symmetry only so long as the sickle and pruning-fork are at work, but left to itself it flourishes in a wild luxuriance. Similarly, incoherence and incoherence in life are more often the evil-

The Outlook.

dences of luxurious growth and unrestricted expansion, which the hand of the gardener can never, for its very luxuriance, quite reduce to order. Ruskin makes facing death "the final test of character"; facing life is a surer and more psychological test.

THE DEATH OF EUCLID.

(*"Euclid, we are told, is at last dead, after two thousand years of an immortality that he never much deserved."*—*"The Times"* Literary Supplement.)

A threnody for Euclid! This is he
Who with his learning made our youth a waste,
Holding our souls in fee;
A god whose high-set crystal throne was based
Beyond the reach of tears,
Deeper than time and his relentless years!

Come then, ye Angle-Nymphs, and make lament;
Ye little Postulates, and all the throng
Of Definitions, with your heads besprent
In funeral ashes, ye who long
Worshipped the King and followed in his train;
For he is dead and cannot rise again.

Then from the shapes that beat their breasts and wept,
Soft to the light a gentle Problem stepped,
And, lo, her clinging robe she swiftly loosed
And with majestic hands her side produced:
"Sweet Theorem," she said, and called her mate,

"Sweet Theorem, be with me at this hour.
How oft together in a dear debate
We two bore witness to our Sovereign's power.
But he is dead and henceforth all our days
Are wrapped in gloom,
And we who never ceased to sing his praise
May weep our lord, but cannot call him from his tomb."

And, as they bowed their heads and to and fro
Wove in a mournful gait their web of woe,
Two sentinels forth came,
Their hearts aflame,
And moved behind the pair:
"Warders we are," they cried,
"Of these two sisters who were once so fair,
So joyous in their pride."
And now their massy shields they lifted high,

Embossed with letters three,
 And, though a mist of tears bedimmed each eye,
 The sorrowing Nymphs could see
 Q., E. and F. on one, and on the other Q. E. D.

But of a sudden, with a hideous noise
 Of joy and laughter rushed a rout of boys;
 And all the mourners in affright
 Scattered to left and right.
 Problems and Theorems and Angles too,
 Postulates, Definitions, Circles, Planes,
 A jibbering crew,
 With all their hoary gains
 Of knowledge, from their monarch dead
 Into the outer darkness shrieking fled.

And now with festal dance and laughter loud
 Broke in the boyish and intruding crowd;
 Nor did they fail,
 Seeing that all the painful throng was sped,
 To let high mirth prevail,
 And raise the song of joy for Euclid dead.

Punch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The possibilities of the Sargasso Sea lie anywhere between non-existence and the wonders to be found in Mr. Crittenden Marriott's "The Isle of Dead Ships," but, after him what? He chooses to suppose that all the wrecks of all the seas drift to the Sargasso, plough their way to the centre and stay there, "milling" slightly at times like a herd of cattle, but remaining sufficiently quiet to deceive new arrivals into the belief that they have found an island. There is no lack of food, for nearly all the new-comers bring it and there are tools of all sorts, and a submarine and a wireless telegraph apparatus are among the things which have drifted into this confusion of vessels of all centuries, when the heroine enters it in the companionship of a police officer and a convicted murderer. The author contrives to send her away in safety with a huge treasure in solid

gold and to amaze the reader with almost every successive page. The book seems like the response to a challenge simultaneously to outdo several compounders of impossible stories, but setting its geography aside, it is well-imagined and not easy to leave after once beginning to read it. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Not many years ago it pleased a young novelist, so unlucky as to be born at a moment when American fiction was seeking an excuse for dolefulness, to write some novels exhibiting wheat as a species of ogre devouring the children of men; they were called strong books, and men took them very seriously. Now comes Mr. Herbert N. Casson and talks of wheat and of the man who made it possible to grow thousands of acres where one had been grown and he is as exult-

antly happy as the other man was firmly despondent, and the reason is not far to seek. He is writing of the real world as Providence working through Americans has made it. Mr. Frank Norris made the mistake of writing of his conception of the world as certain speculators and railway owners had striven to make it. Mr. Casson writes of Cyrus Hall McCormick, who not only invented the reaper but found the men to buy and use it, and it was in the latter industry that he was preeminent. To abbreviate his story as told by Mr. Casson is to belittle the varied genius evinced by the swiftly changing tactics with which he fought his rivals, and further, no one who reads the book will be grateful for having its bloom removed by such a summary. A. T. McClurg & Co.

Few are the conscientious teachers who have not been disgusted by the quality of the reading books now provided for the use of their classes, but disgust is too mild a word to apply to the emotions aroused by the operettas, cantatas, and dramas presented to them as suitable for the performance of sane children of sane parents. The ineffable twaddle and nonsense put forward for this purpose accomplishes the miracle of being sillier and more nonsensical than the Kindergarten songs, and to find a book, a whole book, of good, wholesome little plays behind which she and her pupils may retire announcing "No Simple Plays need apply" will rejoice the soul of every teacher. Such a volume, unequalled for years, is Miss Constance D'Arcy Mackay's "The House of the Heart and other Plays." Blank verse, prose and rhyme enter into their making, thus accustoming young performers to the changes in the best English dramas. The ten plays furnish at least one for each of the annual occasions on which a public performance is custom-

ary and they are so varied in all details that each preparation will be agreeably novel. The lesson of each play is plain but is not too hastily announced. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. James Ford Rhodes has collected eighteen of his magazine articles, lectures, and occasional papers into a volume called "Historical Essays," and those who have no time to attempt the mastery of his weightier work may comfortably attack these briefer efforts and learn from them how history is now written in the United States and the difference between it and various works which pass for historical. Mr. Rhodes's subjects range all the way from "A New Estimate of Cromwell" to "Newspapers as Historical Sources," and in all one has that consciousness to which he owns himself subject in reading Macaulay, the consciousness of being in company with a man who reads many books. The biographical criticism of the volume, essays on Gibbon, Lecky, Green, Gardiner, Spencer Walpole show the author's predilections without his definite words, and constant reminders in quotation, reference and allusion, maintain the agreeable impression. The papers on history and the historian, although to be judged only by scholars, instruct the layman agreeably and fill him with the pleasant consciousness that if ever his work should be done, and he should be able to read as he pleases, there is a wide realm of knowledge waiting for him in the American history of which Mr. Rhodes has written so much, and in which his brilliant example has stimulated others to write. Macmillan Company.

The title of Mr. Homer Lea's "The Valor of Ignorance" seems intended to prick that amazing national vanity which would meet broadside and shell with the chorus of the national anthem, and expect the world in arms to be ter-

rified by mass meetings and resolutions. Mr. Lea's is no trifling work to be mastered in a few minutes, nor is it one to be set aside unread. It bristles with statistics, and precedents, and carefully worked calculations, and it meets sentimentalities with the coldest and most prosaic common sense and the wisdom of the fathers. To these it adds introductions by Lieut.-Gen. Adna R. Chaffee and Major-General A. P. Story and as it was completed about the time that the Portsmouth treaty was signed, it can hardly be called a hastily produced book. Its illustrations are charts uncomfortably possible of aspect, showing with what ease Japan might take possession of unguarded coasts, and what almost insuperable difficulties would attend any attempt to dislodge her. The text makes a plain statement of the scope and aims of that Japanese patriotism so gracefully patronized by the unimaginative white man, so respected and yet so dreaded by those who perceive that in the very fineness and nobility of its quality, lies its deadliness to the nation that stands in the way of Nippon's glory. Mr. Lea compares the strength of the Japanese army, especially in the matter of trained and experienced officers, with that of the American army and other comparisons he makes, not too flattering to American pride. The book is too solid and serious immediately to become the prey of that popular babble which blights everything touched by it and it may possibly effect as much for the army as Captain Mahan's first book effected for the navy. Certainly no thoughtful reader will remain unimpressed by it. Harper & Bros.

The name of John Davis is familiar to readers of American history who are addicted to the careful perusal of footnotes, for it is to him that the chroniclers of 1798-1802 are indebted for

many a touch as to manners and customs and from his pages also came the story of early Virginia as it was once accepted; he also recorded the story of Logan, the Virginian rebellion against the Massachusetts glorification of Franklin, and firmly established the tradition of Southern hospitality. Davis was about twenty-two years of age when he landed in New York with the intention of cultivating literature on such oatmeal as might offer itself, and of teaching in private families. He was fairly well fitted for the task, having made some progress in Greek, "looked into every writer of the Julian and Augustan age," studied French from his early youth and "neglected no idiom from Bunyan to Bolingbroke." He published six books in New York and he played the part of tutor both in New York and in the Southern States, before he returned to England in 1803, and between that time and 1817 he issued five others in this country, and in 1803 he put forth in London, Dublin, New York, and Bristol his "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801 and 1802." This last is now reprinted in a library edition bound in gray boards with paper label, and reproducing the print and title page of the original, and with an introduction and notes by A. J. Morrison. The author, although no fulsome eulogist, was fair minded and only over sensitiveness could find him captious. He was inclined to expect pastoral innocence and to excuse roughness among the untaught, but he had small patience with the pretentious. He wrote because dissatisfied with the accounts of earlier visitors, but he frankly confessed occasionally "making his own panegyric," and the twentieth century reader will find him an honest-hearted kindly young gentleman. Henry Holt & Co.

